[illegible]AYS AND STEAMBOATS.
[illegible] Railway and Naviga[illegible]
[illegible]on Company.
[illegible] DIVISION
[illegible]
RAIL DIVISION
[illegible]
COLUMBIA RIVER DIVISION
[illegible]
[illegible]ROW GAUGE DIVISION
EAST SIDE.
[illegible] after Monday Sept. 24, 1882
[illegible]
WEST SIDE.
[illegible]
[illegible]ces—Cor. Front and D Streets.
[illegible] Manager JOHN MUIR, Superintendent of Traffic
[illegible] Ticket Agent.
[illegible]ERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.
[illegible]ESTERN DIVISIONS.
PACIFIC DIVISION
[illegible] Arrive at New Tacoma at [illegible] A M Arrive at Kalama at
Connections.
[illegible] with P C S S Co steamships for San [illegible] with sound steamers for Victoria, Seattle and all points on Puget Sound [illegible] with stage for Stellacoom, [illegible] the Olympia and Tenino railroad for [illegible] with O R & N Co steamers for Portland and steamship lines centering at Portland.
[illegible]ND D'OREILLE DIVISION
[illegible] Junction at 7 A M Arrive at Cheney [illegible] Spokane Falls at 3 33 P M and Pend d' [illegible]
[illegible] Pend d'Oreille [illegible] A M Arrive [illegible] at 9 23 A M Cheney at 10 45 A M [illegible] Junction at 7 58 P M
Connection
[illegible] with O R & N Co for all rail [illegible] Sound points [illegible] to and from Portland
[illegible] Assistant General Manager. JOHN MUIR Supt of Traffic [illegible] Supt Pacific Division. H W FAIRWEATHER, Supt Pend d'Oreille Division
[illegible] & California R. R. Co.
[illegible] 24, 1882, trains will run as follows [illegible]ILY EXCEPT SUNDAYS)
Eastside Division.
PORTLAND and RIDDLE'S.
Mail Train
[illegible] ARRIVE
[illegible] 7 30 A M | Riddle's [illegible] P M
[illegible] 3 30 A M | Portland 4 25 P M
Albany Express Train
[illegible] ARRIVE
[illegible] 4 00 P M | Lebanon [illegible] P M
[illegible] 4 45 A M | Portland [illegible] A M
Freight Trains
[illegible] ARRIVE
[illegible]
[illegible] and California Railroad Ferry makes [illegible] all regular trains on Eastside Division.
Westside Division.
PORTLAND and CORVALLIS.
Mail Train
[illegible] ARRIVE
[illegible] A M | Corvallis [illegible] P M
[illegible] A M | Portland [illegible] P M
[illegible] made at Riddle's with stages of [illegible] and Oregon Stage Company
[illegible] to all the principal points in California, at Company's office
[illegible] and Front Sts., Portland, Or.
[illegible] be charged in freight remaining at [illegible] warehouse over twenty four hours.
[illegible] be received for shipment after five [illegible] either the East or Westside Division
J. BRANDT Gen'l Supt.
[illegible] Gen'l Fr't & Pass'r Ag't
[illegible] Vice President and Manager.
[illegible] and California R. R.
[illegible]UTHERN EXTENSION
[illegible] for Railroad Ties
[illegible]ON AND CALIFORNIA R R CO[illegible] proposals up to February [illegible] [illegible] the line of its proposed extension [illegible] Creek and Rock Point of [illegible] [illegible] of not less than [illegible] [illegible] of good sound yellow or red fir [illegible] sawed to a uniform thickness of [illegible] [illegible] than eight inches face and [illegible] [illegible] less than five inches clear of sap on face [illegible] in monthly lots according to special [illegible] be all delivered not later than July
[illegible] reserves the right to reject any and [illegible] to be addressed to
[illegible] A F MORRIS, Chief Engineer Portland, Oregon.
[illegible]n Pacific Railroad.
NOTICE.
[illegible]PROPOSALS for Grading and Bridging [illegible] Pacific Railroad extension between [illegible] Kalama, will be received by the Superintendent at the company's office in Portland, [illegible] P M on January 27 [illegible] may be examined and all necessary [illegible] obtained on application to this office. [illegible] reject any or all proposals is reserved.
H THIELSEN Superintending Engineer
[illegible] third floor cor of Front and D sts. Portland Or.
[illegible]HE UNFORTUNATE.
DR. GIBBON'S [illegible] [illegible] No. 623 Kearney st. San Francisco. Established in 1854, for the treatment of Sexual and Seminal Diseases, such as Gonorrhea, Gleet, Stricture, Syphilis in all its forms, Seminal Weakness, Impotency, Loss of manhood permanently cured. The sick and afflicted should not fail to call upon him. The Doctor has visited the hospitals of Europe and obtained a great deal of valuable information which he is competent to impart to those in need of his services. [illegible] will make no charge unless he effects a cure [illegible] at home. Call or write. All communications strictly confidential. Send ten dollars for medicine. Address DR. J. F. GIBBON, [illegible] San Francisco Cal. (Mention Daily or Weekly [illegible])
[illegible] 1858.
[illegible] C. CARSON.
[illegible]turer of and Dealer in all Kinds of
[illegible] DOORS, BLINDS,
[illegible] Mouldings, Brackets, etc.
[illegible]ED FINISHING LUMBER
[illegible] Constantly on Hand.
[illegible]R BUILDING.
[illegible]air Railings,
[illegible] Balusters, Newel Posts,
[illegible] and Fancy, at Reasonable Rates.
[illegible]ORTERS OF ALL KINDS OF
[illegible]N AND PLATE GLASS.
[illegible] the Country will receive Prompt [illegible] Send for Circulars.
[illegible]ROOM, COR. THIRD and E. [illegible] Weidler's Mill, Portland Oregon.
WOLFE'S
[illegible] Schiedam Aromatic Schnapps.
[illegible]
[illegible] WOLFE'S SON & CO.,
[illegible] Beaver St New York.
[illegible]TY, SEAL ENGRAVER
[illegible] St. bet. First and Second

The Sunday Oregonian.

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CHRISTINE

I slept [illegible]
[illegible] the birds [illegible] closed their evening [illegible]
[illegible] glowed the sun in [illegible]
[illegible] quivered heaven with [illegible]
And while I slept I w[illegible]
As in a conscious dr[eam]
Methought I heard the str[illegible]
Of rowing in the stream
I lay rocked [illegible]
[illegible] by the winds [illegible]
One only rower [illegible]
Guiding a [illegible] bar[illegible]
How noble was his frame
His earnest eyes [illegible]
[illegible] steered his barge [illegible]
[illegible] touched my lips and [illegible] away
On the fast dying day
And went

[illegible] hair of de[illegible] clustering gold
[illegible] with evening dews his brow was [illegible]
[illegible] eager thought his eyes were globes of light
[illegible] pierced with joy the universal night
He lowly bent and spake
Soft whispers in my ear
Strange that his breath should wake
A sense of longing fear!
[illegible] wake [illegible] embrace me fair Christine
[illegible] from far to know, to woo, to win
I love thee, wake, arise
From out thy golden sleep
I will unveil thine eyes
[illegible] wake [illegible] cease thy sleep
[illegible] my heavy eyes, and I [illegible] sun
[illegible] in the [illegible] billows [illegible] sand had [illegible]
He dipped him to the sea
"Farewell Christine to thee"

I woke
With his last word
[illegible] through tears and with uplifted hands
[illegible] my beloved, why to distant lands
[illegible] way! Oh! come, and breathe again
[illegible] words, spoke the time not in vain
Come back [illegible] the wide vales
Return my [illegible] cry
"Come back" [illegible] far he sails;
He heeds not my sad cry
[illegible] again, great stranger, why depart
[illegible] to heal my pierced anguished heart
I saw his airy skiff
Sail up beyond the sea
For o'er a cloudy cliff
That overhangs the sea
[illegible] return the rapture of my dreams
[illegible] may I hear or know of him
[illegible] oh! come to me—
[illegible] hush, envenomed sea.
Farewell, Christine, to thee
Would God I had awoke
Before my heart was broke
C C
—All the Year Round.

NO MORE

[illegible] no more
[illegible] that seal will set upon the past,
[illegible] that you and I had looked our last
[illegible] was o'er

[illegible] friend,
[illegible] you can stir one quiet pulse of mine
[illegible] words can ever join the broken line
[illegible] traced "the end."

[illegible] that my name
[illegible] your heart one instant faster beat
[illegible] old folly all youth found so sweet
[illegible] power can claim

[illegible] dream
[illegible] as the morning mist will roll away
[illegible] its fairy veil of sweeping gray
[illegible] gleam

[illegible] reign
[illegible] though it was, and false and brief
[illegible] an idle hour of baseless grief
[illegible] pain

[illegible] has fled
[illegible] it hangs the memory of its woe
[illegible] the sweet [illegible] of the long ago
[illegible] and heart

[illegible] I say
[illegible] left unturned the silly page
[illegible] left untouched the dust of age
[illegible] gray

[illegible] and fast
[illegible] coffer of the faded flowers,
[illegible] away in those wild hours
[illegible] spell has passed

[illegible] content,
[illegible] our sober joys apart we stand
[illegible] spectre from the shadow land
[illegible] spent,

[illegible] I say,
[illegible] be your path your sky from cloudlets [illegible]
[illegible] river roll twixt you and me
[illegible] to-day
—All the Year Round

IRISH LOVE SONG

[illegible] of slenderness, dove of tenderness,
[illegible] of joys, arise!
[illegible] red lark, [illegible] rosy spark
[illegible] to his sunbright [illegible]
[illegible] you are risen, earth is a prison,
[illegible] my captive sighs
[illegible] and discover to your fond lover
[illegible] of your matchless eyes

[illegible] is dark to me, hark, oh! hark to me,
[illegible] my heart [illegible]
[illegible] gliding out of thy hiding,
[illegible] with the day!
[illegible] fly to thee singing, and sigh to thee,
[illegible] sweet and shy,
[illegible] listen, and dewdrops glisten
[illegible] on every spray
—Boston Transcript

THE [illegible] PEARLS

[illegible] courtiers of the caliph crave—
[illegible] say how this may be,
[illegible] of thy slaves, this Ethiop slave
[illegible] best beloved by thee?

[illegible] he is hideous as the night
[illegible] when has ever chose
[illegible] nightingale, for its delight,
A hueless, scentless rose?

The caliph then—"No features fair
[illegible] comely often see his
[illegible] is the beauty he doth wear
[illegible] love his glory is

[illegible] when a camel of my train
There fell in narrow street,
[illegible] casket rolled amain
[illegible] pearls before my feet

[illegible] to my slaves that I
Would freely give them these
[illegible] upon the spoil they fly,
The costly boon to seize

[illegible] only at my side remained—
[illegible] alone,
[illegible] desire of the steed he reined
[illegible] alone

"What will thy gain, good fellow, be
[illegible] at my side?
[illegible] shall faithfully
[illegible] he cried

[illegible] he may wear,
[illegible] who are not,
[illegible] the lord's gifts, how rich, soe'er
[illegible] forgot!

[illegible] alone doth walk before
[illegible] God with perfect aim,
[illegible] him desiring nothing more
[illegible] himself to claim

[illegible] then none him aspire,
[illegible] to his gifts alone
[illegible] love, but [illegible] desire,
[illegible] to his throne

[illegible] such thy prayer it climbs above
[illegible] —the golden key
[illegible] treasure house of love
[illegible] will ever be

THE SUNSET'S GOLD

The glamour of the garish day
[illegible] fades away,
[illegible] care and fret
[illegible] shall soon forget,
[illegible] accident,
[illegible] her moon bent,
[illegible] form shall hold
[illegible] beyond the sunset's gold

[illegible] welcome to the lab'ring throng
[illegible] that to the eve belong!
[illegible] eyes they westward look
[illegible] in some fairy's book
[illegible] promise of release
[illegible] at day's decease
[illegible] pavilion all shall fold,
[illegible] beyond the sunset's gold

[illegible] have I, in years agone
[illegible] with joy the eve come on!
[illegible] have viewed with charmed sight
[illegible] of the beauteous night
[illegible] future as the past
[illegible] me while life shall last
[illegible] the tent is noiseless rolled
[illegible] beyond the sunset's gold
—Albany Journal

THE WITNESSES

If all that worship Thee to-day
Should suddenly be swept away,
And not a muezzin left to cry,
Through the silence of the sky
"God is great," there still would be
Hosts of witnesses for Thee
On the land and in the sea
[illegible]
[illegible] round Thy [illegible] throne
—Richard [illegible]

THE EPSOM OAKS.

Annual Contest Between the Highbred Dames of the British Turf.

FROM BRIDGET TO GEHEIMNISS

Should not a Similar Race be Instituted in Oregon for the Purpose of Increasing Thoroughbred Stock in this State?

[illegible] a run of [illegible] and a half with 117 pounds [illegible] [illegible] won [illegible] 178 [illegible] with the [illegible] Maid of the Oaks [illegible] by the elder Chifney. In 1788 and 1790 Chifney again piloted the winner [illegible] and Hippolyta. In 1797 Lord Grosvenor [illegible] the famous daughter of [illegible] whose pedigree was unknown [illegible] was Bran[illegible] Bunbury, who also bred the winners of the two succeeding years, Bellina and Bellisama. In 1801 it was won by Eleanor, who also won the Derby of the same year, a feat that has been but once repeated, by Blink Bonny in 1857

[illegible]

Saw the Duke of Grafton three times a winner, but the fields were small. In 1813 Mr Hewitt won with Manuella by Dr Andrews, there being twelve starters. This mare, like Eleanor, was afterwards famous as a brood mare. The Duke of Grafton won it again in 181[illegible] with Music and in 181[illegible] with Minuet. In 1819 Mr Thornhill won it with Shoveller, own sister to Sand[illegible] and young Sam Chifney was in the saddle. In 1824 there were thirteen starters and Lord Jersey won it with his fine filly Cobweb by Phantom. She was afterwards bred to Sultan and produced the noted Derby winner Bay Middleton. In 1831 it was won by the Duke of Grafton's Oxygen from a field of twenty one, the largest that had ever run up to that time. In 1833, Mr Mostyn brought out the sensational mare of all England in that period, the great lengthy daughter of Velocipede, Queen of Trumps, with which he not only won the Oaks in a canter, but beat a field of twelve for the St Leger among them Mundig, winner of the Derby

PRIAM, WINNER OF THE DERBY OF 1830

Had retired from the turf in 1832 and was sold to American owners in 1836. He was a leggy horse with a great turn of speed, but his get were usually weedy and deficient in timber below the knee. In 1837 his daughter Miss Letty won the Oaks and the next year another of his get, Industry, pulled it down. Then came an off year, followed by the victory of Lord George Bentinck with Crucifix in 1840 ridden by John Day. This mare was at least ten pounds better than any mare of her year and should have won the Leger as well. In her four year old form she won 11 out of 17 races and the English were bound to have Priam back again. They offered $50 000 for him, nearly double what the Averys gave for him and I have always regretted that the Averys did not take it, for he was the next thing to a positive failure in America. Monarch was the best of his get and it is a grave doubt whether he could have beaten either Wagner or Boston. In 1844 Col Anson won it with

THE PRINCESS,

Daughter of the Irish horse Slane, that ran second to Touchstone for the Leger of 1834, the field being twenty five, the largest that had yet started in this race. In 1846 John Gully, the retired prize-fighter who had now become M P for the borough of Pontefract, won it with Mendicant, a daughter of Touchstone, the second being Mowerina, afterwards the dam of the great West Australian. In 1849 Frank Butler rode Lady Evelyn, in 1850 he rode Rhedycina, in 1851 Iris and in 1852 Songstress, thus winning the Oaks four years in succession, a feat never accomplished by any other jockey. In 1853 it was won by Catherine Hayes and in 1854 by Mincemeat, daughter of Sweetmeat and sister to Mincepie, who won it in 1856. In 1857 came the sensational Derby won by Blink Bonny over the heaviest track, and in the slowest time yet recorded, and on the following day she won the Oaks in a clever canter. The St Leger looked like a gift to the big and homely daughter of Melbourne, but on the day of the race up came

IMPERIEUSE, BY ORLANDO,

And beat her without a struggle, with post odds of 25 to 1 against her. Next year Admiral Harcourt's Gildermire and Mr Gratwick's Governess ran a dead heat for it, and the school marm won in the run off. In 1859, Summerside, the only famous daughter of West Australian, won it in a gallop. In 1860 it was won by Butterfly and in 1861 by Brown Duchess, beating Lady Ripon and Fairwater. In the race for the Leger of the same year the Duchess was running ahead of Kettledrum, the Derby winner, when she broke down, and the rider of Kettledrum took the big colt in hand—when Caller Ou, a filly that had not figured in either the Oaks or One Thousand Guineas, suddenly shot out of the ruck and won by a head. In 1862 the filly Imperatrice, by Voltigeur out of Imperieuse, was a hot favorite, but Feu de Joie ran out ahead of her. In 1863 Queen Bertha scored the first victory for Stockwell, and in 1864 Fille de l'Air won this race for the French stable for the first time after twenty fruitless attempts. In 1865 came another victory for Stockwell in the person of his daughter Regalia, who was beaten nearly a quarter of a mile next year in the Ascot Cup by Gladiateur

HIPPIA, BY KING TOM,

Was the property of Baron Rothschild and won in 1867, the year that Hermit won the Derby. Col Pearson's mare Achievement, by Stockwell, was a hot favorite for the Oaks as she had already won the Two Thousand, but the baron's big mare outlasted her, and on this race the ill fated Marquis of Hastings wrecked what little of his fortune Hermit had spared. Achievement won the St Leger of that year, but Hastings was utterly bankrupt and unable to retrieve his fortunes. Passing over the two years won by Brigantine and Gamos we come to the Oaks of 1871, won by Baron Rothschild's mare Hannah, also by King Tom. This was a good mare, for she won the One Thousand Guineas and St Leger. She was named after the baron's favorite daughter, who afterwards married the earl of Rosebery. In 1874 Apology, daughter of Adventurer, did the very same trick. In 1876 Enguerrande and Camelia ran a dead heat, but divided the stakes, and Enguerrande walked over for the honors. In 1878 [illegible] Lord Falmouth won with Janet and Wheel of Fortune respectively

THE AMERICAN'S YEAR

Of 1881, made so memorable by Iroquois' double victory in the Derby and the Leger, was without an American representative in the Oaks. Araura or Thora might have done it, but neither of them had been entered, but Thora was probably the better mare of the two. The Oaks of that year was run by Thebais, a daughter of Hermit [illegible] In 1882 it was run by Geheimniss, daughter of Rosicrucian. In all the world's racing history there was never such a mare [illegible] Derby and the Two Thousand Guineas [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] in America [illegible] Saratoga and [illegible] Coney Island and Baltimore. But two miles and a quarter is the longest [illegible] at the [illegible] speed at which [illegible] race for this year [illegible] as [illegible] dash [illegible] of her, whereas in the old style [illegible] five years old and three [illegible] her about two [illegible] In this way [illegible] of the very best mares that ever trampled the turf were

[illegible] RUN TO DEATH

And their progeny [illegible] value for racing purposes. Of those the most notable instances were Fashion, Charmer, Black Maria, Peytona, Patsey Anthony, Floride, Sara Bladon, Sigma, Lucy Haxall, Mary Waller and Chicago. The exceptions were Reel, Nina, Sallie Morgan, Henan Farrow and Fanny McAllister. Again we find many of the greatest race horses of the American turf wholly without distinction on the dam's side. Nobody ever heard of Dolly Carter till Joe Daniels came on the turf and won all his early engagements. Lucy Fowler never won a race of any importance and is best known as the dam of Tom Bowling. Hester never was heard of till Springbok came out and beat every three year old except big Tom, and Mary Clinton's name would have gone out in total obscurity but for the famous four mile races of her son Thad Stevens. Aerolite never won a race, yet she produced Fellowcraft, Rutherford, Jersey Belle and Spendthrift, the latter of which has been fortunately brought back from England for stud purposes

[illegible]

Did more towards building up thoroughbred stock in Oregon than any other [illegible] in the state. He imported six stallions from the east, four of which were sons of Lexington: [illegible] Lindsay, Norwich, Luther and Foster, the latter of which was taken back east. Had Higham brought [illegible] stallions and two thoroughbred mares it would have [illegible] more money and it would have been a good deal better for the country. As it is the supply of thoroughbred mares in Oregon does not exceed twenty, of which Thomas H Tongue and [illegible] Porter control six. Theodore Winters of California, owns alone more thoroughbred mares than all in this state. Hence it is useless to build [illegible] race tracks until we get some hundred horses to run on them. Our solution of the existing difficulty would be to get more thoroughbred mares into this state by the formation of an association to be called the Oregon Oaks Company, having for its object the importation of

THOROUGHBRED FILLIES

From the eastern states or California, and the foundation of annual fixed event to be called "The Oregon Oaks," to be run under the auspices of the association by three-year old fillies. If won by a filly owned by the association, the winner to be sold at auction within an hour after the race. This would enable the society to make further importations. We believe that there are forty men in this state who would put in $100 apiece towards founding such an event and building up racing upon a permanent basis of operations. Suppose that the sum of $4000 will land eight good fillies here. Surely eight men could be found to nominate one each in a stake of one and a quarter miles at a subscription of $50 each, with $10 as a forfeit. Continue this race for five years and Oregon would soon be exporting thoroughbred horses to California—not only for sale, but to compete for the rich prizes hung up here under the auspices of th

PACIFIC BLOOD-HORSE ASSOCIATION

Which numbers among its officers some of the wealthiest and most responsible citizens of that state. Last year there was $700 carried out of this state by a two year-old filly owned in California which was sent up here for sale at $500. Had she been purchased here on her arrival, that money would have been kept in the country and we should have had one more valuable brood mare in Oregon. Trade Dollar was a fortunate investment for Mr Isaacs, who gave $400 for her at two years old. She won $450 in purses that year, $320 next year and $1000 in her four year old form. At five years old she won five races out of seven, making $1200 more, or a total of $3470, after which Mr Isaacs sold her for $1200 to Mr Porter. She should be bred to old [illegible] before that aged campaigner dies and then to Glen Dudley or Chesapeake. Georgia A should be bred to Chesapeake and her produce will be very nearly related to Thora, the grandest mare that has yet been stripped on the classic ground of Saratoga

BREEDING FOR THE TURF

Is a source of vast revenue at the east, where there are several farms with over half a million dollars invested in this business, the most famous being that of Gen W G Harding at Nashville. The average price for his last lot of Bonnie Scotland yearlings in 1880 was $710 per head. This is getting money out of horse flesh very fast. The auction sales of Mr Gr[illegible]stead's yearlings has never been less than $500 per head and those of Mr Sanford about $475, while those of the Alexander estate, during Lexington's lifetime, exceeded an average of $800 per head. Of course no such prices can be expected on this coast, as the amount of prizes offered does not justify them. But allow prices to advance as much in the next four years as they have in the last four in Kentucky and Tennessee, and racing men of moderate means will be obliged to look to the breeding farms of the Pacific coast for stock to fill their entries. Gano and Duchess of Norfolk have already paved the way for the sale of Pacific bred horses to eastern purchasers. M

Yankee Bees in Florida

An experimenter in southern agriculture [illegible] of the little gratuitous honey makers down to Florida. The first year they reveled [illegible] and stored honey nearly all the unvaried summer time. But the second year a few of the more [illegible] evidently turned the thing over in their minds thus [illegible] This country [illegible] winter to provide against; what is the use of laying up honey where the flowers bloom all the year round? [illegible]

JOHN GILBERT

Sketch of the Greatest "Old Man" Actor on the English-Speaking Stage.

FIFTY-FIVE YEARS ON THE BOARDS.

His Early Struggles as a Star and His Long Years of Success as a Stock Actor—The Great Comedian of the Old School

[illegible]

[illegible] INFINITELY [illegible]

Than I myself and [illegible] those who wish to [illegible] his [illegible] endure [illegible] I assure you. In young Gilbert's day there were no specialty pieces. The [illegible] had not made its appearance and the slave drama, with bull dogs and [illegible], was yet in the womb of futurity. He was acquainted with Mr James Oaks (who wrote [illegible] the signature of "Acorn") and that gentleman introduced him to the late Joseph Leathley Cowell, grandfather of the Bateman children. Mr Cowell, who had a horror of amateurs in general, was probably influenced by the introduction to a great extent, for he shook the ambitious youth heartily by the hand and soon arranged for his appearance. Well do I remember seeing old Cowell as Sharkabach in the Forty Thieves at the old Bowery theater, thirty six years ago. He was a rare old plant even in those days

GILBERT'S FIRST APPEARANCE

Was in the part of Jailer in Venice Preserved at the Tremont theater on the night of November 28, 1828. Boston was then as now the most captious and critical city in America. A man who could please the fastidious critics of that city could go out into the world and play anywhere. But Gilbert had [illegible] hard and made himself master of e[illegible]tion, added to which he possessed a graceful figure and a most intellectual face. He played in a round of serious characters similar to the above [illegible] a long season on the road, which at that time lay between the coastwise cities. He got to Baltimore just behind Booth and was [illegible] dramatic [illegible] and at Charleston just two weeks behind Forrest, who was going north. He met with a direct rebuff [illegible] till he reached New Orleans, where the elder Booth had been getting on his periodical sprees and disappointing audiences that

GILBERT MAKES A HIT

This was in the character of Master Walter in Sheridan Knowles' sublime play of the "Hunchback." But his fortunes were varied and he returned to New York with a light purse and thin wardrobe. Here his native judgment [illegible] stood him well in hand. He saw it was better for an actor to have a permanent place in one theater and a permanent home in one of the larger cities, granting that he played nothing but subordinate parts, than to be traveling from Dan to Beersheba as a leading man or even as a star. He therefore went into the stock company of the Tremont as juvenile and remained till 1838, when he came to New York under engagement to the late Thomas Hamblin, and played Pythias to Hamblin's Damon. He was given a complimentary benefit at the close of his engagement, in which he appeared as Sir Edward Mortimer in the "Iron Chest," and was pronounced the best stock actor that had ever trod those boards

DOCTOR [illegible] JONES

A singular person, who was at once actor, physician, playwriter and caricaturist, had succeeded old Joe Cowell as manager of the Tremont, and he offered Mr Gilbert better terms than he could get in New York. Shortly after the commencement of this engagement Forrest came to Boston and played a round of Shakespearian characters, among them Hamlet. Shortly after the close of the play Forrest went around to supper at James Oaks' house, and the latter asked him

"Ned, what ailed you to-night? You seemed to be in a brown study."

"I declare to the Lord," replied Forrest, "I was completely lost in admiration of Gilbert's Polonius. He has created the part."

When Hamblin brought out the "Last Days of Pompeii" in the most gorgeous style at the Bowery, Forrest was invited to the manager's box on the opening night. Hamblin asked his opinion. "Bah," growled Forrest. "Why the [illegible] didn't you send for Jack Gilbert to [illegible] Glaucus? You could have offered to pay him

[illegible]

[illegible] than do with out him. Tom [illegible] the finest shaped man alive, but you can't make Gilbert's all intellect, which is a complete foil to your shape. You should not have overlooked him," and Metamora went off growling to his mighty game of cribbage at Windust's. Gilbert never got a chance to play the part in which Forrest predicted for him such signal success. He contented himself with the stand and English comedies and has appeared more times in "the legitimate drama" than any man alive. In 1847 Charlotte Cushman had made a sensation in London in "Meg Merrilies," and Gilbert concluded he would have a look at the scenes where Kean and Kemble had trod and where Macready was in the zenith of his power. Gilbert was warned by Forrest to keep away from Macready, but he made his acquaintance and captivated him in less than

AN HOUR'S CONVERSATION

Mr Walton, the manager of the Princess' theater, engaged him for the old men of the house, and he made his first bow to a London audience as Sir Robert Bramble in Colman's comedy of "The Poor Gentleman." He delighted the London play-goers and remained there a year, in which he supported both Macready and Charlotte Cushman. He came back to New York and took an engagement at the Old Park theater, remaining there till it was burned up in 1848. On that night he played Admiral Kingston in "Naval Engagements" and spoke the last word ever spoken in that theater. He was under a year's engagement to Hamblin at the Bowery at the time of the Astor Place riots, when so many were shot. It was an off night for him and he [illegible] Macready. The disturbance became so great that he left the theater, and a man was shot [illegible] beside him. I was [illegible] at the time, but can remember the thrill [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] His personation of [illegible] Sir Peter Teazle [illegible] a marvel [illegible] He invests the character with [illegible] that will live as a [illegible] It is a greater character than [illegible] Dundreary, because it is more faithful to the daily routine of life, and it is more isolated than Burton's Toodles, because it descends [illegible] to vulgarity to catch a laugh. Mr Gilbert is

THE [illegible] AMERICAN ACTOR

Whose first appearance in San Francisco [illegible] at this time in the twilight of his life [illegible] expected that [illegible] will ever [illegible] the sunset sea. He is a man to whom the dramatic profession owes a debt of endless gratitude, for he has always upheld its dignity by maintaining his own decorum. He belongs to a school of men that are fast fading away, and in his earlier days his vigor of acting and the force of his [illegible] was something beautiful to contemplate. Of late he has been playing Blake's old favorite part of Jesse Rural, and while we are confident that in the portrait he gives his [illegible] of the English country clergyman he in no wise imitates the lamented Rufus, yet we are confident that he gives fully as isolated a creation. How odd it seems to read over the bill at Wallack's, in the New York dailies, and realize that we are thousands of miles away from scenes once so familiar. We should like to see the gifted old man once more, but there is a continent between us. M

REAL ESTATE SPECULATION.

PORTLAND, Jan 27, 1883

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN

Hundreds of thousands of dollars are now being invested by the people of this city and adjoining country in and around Portland. Nor is this money being invested in town improvements or in building up manufactories. It is being invested in real estate two, three, four, five and six miles from Portland, and at from two hundred to fifteen hundred dollars an acre for land that one year ago would only bring from five to twenty dollars an acre, and which at that figure would not pay interest on the investment for farming, and all that it was considered to be then, and all that in reality it is now. Now it is really worth while for our people who are investing in this land at these figures to pause for one moment and ask themselves if these prices can be permanently maintained. We are to have a very large city here, say the real estate bulls, upon the completion of the transcontinental road. What is to make it? We have comparatively less manufactories than any other city of its size in the United States. And our people, instead of putting their money in them, are putting it in real estate, which of itself never did nor ever can make a great city.

"But," say the bulls, "we will be the shipping point for the vast wheat fields of the Willamette valley and of the grand inland empire." True. But with the modern facilities of handling grain this business will give employment to only a mere handful of men. Then without manufactories how can this town grow much larger than it is? What will the people coming here, as they will upon the completion of the road, find to do? Will they speculate in real estate? The bulls say that we are to have a city of a hundred thousand inhabitants upon the completion of the road. The question was asked one who made this assertion, what they would do? "Why," said he, "look at one another." But conceding those anticipations sound, there is no warrant for the real estate excitement going on. A friend of mine given to figures told me last month that, giving only three inhabitants to the lot, provision in and around Portland had already been made for a city of six hundred thousand people, and still they go on adding site after site. If the ultimate result of this speculation, when the reaction comes, as some it surely will (when somebody will get badly hurt), would not be greatly injurious to our city, no one would be justified in raising a warning voice. But as it will be so, every level headed man should speak plainly

A SENSIBLE BEAR

THE AMUSEMENT WORLD.

The steamer Queen of the Pacific, having on board the Grover Comedy troupe, did not reach her dock till yesterday morning, and the manager thought his company too badly used up with fatigue and sea sickness to attempt a performance last night. He therefore ordered the money refunded or seats changed to Monday evening, to the holders of reserved seats, at the purchasers' option. A representative of this paper called on Manager Grover, at his rooms at the Esmond, and the following colloquy took place

Rep. A good many of the play going people are considerably disappointed, Mr Grover, at your company's not performing to-night

Mr G. I presume so, sir, but really I don't see how it was to be avoided

—Is there more than one of your ladies indisposed, Mr Grover?

—Well, I don't know that there is, but my father has never been here before and he is desirous of playing a successful engagement here as everywhere else.

—So he don't think the company would appear to advantage to-night?

G. No, he don't. He proposes to take the safe side of it, and would rather play to a uniform good business all the way through than to open to a big house and then play to thin business afterward. His pieces are new, his company's strong one, and his scenery is all painted expressly for each play. So he prefers to take no risks, but wait till he gets everything in readiness. You need not fear but everything will be all right by Monday evening

The reporter then took his leave

This evening at New Market Theater there will be a sacred concert given by a large orchestra under leadership of Prof. F M Na[illegible]. The vocal solos will be rendered by Miss Bessie Louise King and Mr Charles Ams[illegible]. Of course this thing of Sunday night concerts is something of an experiment in Portland, though it has been tried in lots everywhere else. [illegible] the concerts are liable to be well patronized by that element

ART NOTES.

[illegible]

TRESPASSES.

By one who Lives by Keeping up Other Men's Fences.

AN OLD GRUMBLER IN HIS GLORY.

It is Better to be a Diogenes and Growl in your Tub, than to be a Pericles and Win a Great Battle

If ever it was hard [illegible] I have tried to lift a [illegible] Thursday afternoon I had [illegible] contrary to my usual habit [illegible]

Twenty six years ago I saw Ned Baker with his shirt sleeves rolled up to the elbow, setting type in the office of the old [illegible] Journal in San Francisco. He had just come out of the Jesuit college at Santa Clara and could rattle off the odes of Horace as glibly as other boys of his age could sing negro songs. His father was then the great advocate of the California bar, probably the foremost impassioned orator of his day in America. I heard the old man deliver his matchless oration at the completion of the Atlantic cable of 1858, when he bankrupted our mother tongue of its beauties and left his auditors entranced at the sublimity of his utterances. And I stood about twenty feet from him when he wept over the coffin of Broderick, with his white hair waving in the chill autumn winds and his handsome face wet with tears as he stood there, the very incarnation of physical beauty and manly grief, like Priam weeping over the pall of Hector

When the old Colonel came to Oregon and gained the object of his ambition, a seat in the United States Senate, he brought his big boy up to Oregon with him. When he went East Ned went with him and was appointed a lieutenant in the regular army by President Lincoln. He fought under Rosecrans at Chickamauga and always stood up for him in the controversy between him and President Garfield. He was assigned to duty in the quartermaster's department at the close of the war and was stationed at Fort Whipple, Arizona, for a while. He afterwards was sent to Fortress Monroe, Vancouver Barracks, Salt Lake, San Antonio, St Louis, and then back to Vancouver, where he died after a brief illness

In his boyhood days, in San Francisco, I had an open buggy and a little sorrel mare that carried me to many a hard day's hunt on the San Mateo marshes or many a day's fishing on San Pablo creek. In these [illegible] Ned Baker was my constant companion, and we all know how you learn to like a man after you have shared the same blankets with him and nibbled venison together at the camp fire. All over the lovely Berkeley hills and along the Temascal ravine we shot quail and camped in the shade of the dark and glossy oaks. And when I heard, last May, that he was ordered to Vancouver, it was no wonder that I felt my joints growing more limber as I anticipated the hours with rod and line in the moss grown dells of the Lacamas and Washougal. Never again will we wade the rapids, dear old Ned, or lure the flashing beauties of the pool from their lurking places in the foaming eddies. In those few weeks of last summer when I whipped the crystal brook by your side, I lived o'er again the golden hours of boyhood and could not realize that our youth had flitted by never to return

We often longed when we were boys
For the days when we'd be men
We little knew, as we know now,
The happiest time was then

The funeral cortege that wended its way up the hill at Vancouver bore to the quiet grave the burly figure that towered so erect on our streets but a week ago, but now lies prone in the dust. I shall cherish his brotherly kindness and his boyish frankness that was the noblest part of his sterling nature. An ounce of selfishness would have made Ned Baker both rich and powerful. I miss him now, 'tis true, and shall inflict my homely and selfish grief upon those whose sufferings at this time should exempt them from it. But I don't begin to miss him yet. In the long and mellow summer days, such a summer as no other land but Oregon can boast, I shall camp beside our favorite mountain torrent. I shall see the aspens quivering in the balmy zephyr and hear the carol of the robin from his perch on the cottonwood bough. The [illegible] trout shall follow my lure and fall a prey to my tapering rod, but when evening tide comes on, I shall look into the dead embers of the camp-fire and gaze up and down the brook in vain search for the sturdy old companion of my brightest and best beloved days.

And speaking of those who have crossed over to the majority for the purpose of moving a reconsideration before a less arbitrary tribunal, there's poor old Victor Trevitt gone to meet his constituents on the opposite shore. If ever a man got value received out of this harsh and unruly world Vic was that man. He was a man of considerable parts and [illegible] in the brilliant apotheosis of the Mexican war, and was a pioneer of the Pacific coast. What a rare old fellow he was when you got him well wound up to spin yarns with that droll wink of his and that outrageously laughable stutter that recalled Dundreary himself. A well known New York millionaire said that the great aim of man was to make the most money with the least work, and this art Vic gallantly had learned to perfection. In my fourteen years' residence in Oregon I have never seen Vic do an hour's work, and yet he always had plenty of money—not merely for his own wants, but often to aid those who had been less lucky than himself in the game of life. With Vic it was always the Fourth of July

His rare and exuberant humor did not desert him even when the King of Terrors grinned at him from across the fence. He talked of his approaching end with a composure that was marvellous. Old Joe [illegible] went up to see him, and Vic said: "You know old [illegible] up at The Dalles. He owes me $200, and the only way for him to get out of paying it is for me to come home on [illegible], don't you understand." When his voice was so weak that it had sunk to a whisper he spoke of "the last of earth" with a fortitude that would have done honor to a Spartan. In all his months of suffering not a querulous whisper escaped him. He endured pain untold, but bore it with a nonchalance worthy of a Choctaw chief. And when the time for the curtain to ring down upon the drama of his life came, Victor answered the call of the Great Prompter and bid adieu to life's stage with a smile. I never met a more self poised character.

I never heard Vic Trevitt speak an abusive word of a living man, but if he didn't happen to like a man how he would burn him up with ridicule. His fund was inexhaustible, and when it was accompanied with his inimitable stutter the laugh was always forthcoming. He was a match for Nesmith in repartee and for Bush for quiet sarcasm. He was a senator from Wasco county [illegible] very few speeches, but he was an effective worker in the committee room. [illegible]

[illegible] and somebody [illegible] between [illegible] Tom Island [illegible] per acre and somebody is [illegible] than they can ever get [illegible] companies want to run [illegible] carry off what somebody [illegible] they are not [illegible] Oregon. And at this time is the remarkable way in which the number of real estate agents has multiplied within a few weeks. There certainly can not be [illegible] for all of them if they [illegible] Somebody will [illegible] shut up shop

Already the most disreputable practices are [illegible] I hear of several instances in which [illegible] of these firms has been searching the records to find out when leases expire. Several of these expire during the next sixty days. The real estate agent so-called goes to the owner of the property and says "A B's lease of your store expires such a day, and you are getting $250 a month for it. What will you give me if I will find you a tenant for it at $350?" The consequence is A B has to pay $400 or move elsewhere. This has been done in several cases, and I must say that such conduct gives me a profound respect for "Curly Bill" and the other long haired Arizona gentlemen who stand at the cross-roads with shotguns in their hands and invite the stage drivers to "pass out that box." I ought to give the names of these blackmailers, for they are no better, and would do so now if I didn't think this little word of caution would put a stop to the swindle. I shall certainly give names and dates if I hear of another such transaction

I see the railroad newspapers in California are trying to exonerate the employes on the Southern Pacific train for that terrible catastrophe at the Tehachipe pass, by which Col. Charles Larrabee, the wife of Gov Downey and several friends of mine lost their lives. The story that the train was wrecked by robbers is rather diaphanous. The real truth is, that the railroad folks are glad to trump up any sort of a story to keep the friends of their maimed and charred victims from recovering damages against them. They know very well that the accident was the result of carelessness in not shutting off the Westinghouse brakes before the screw brakes were put on, and now that they are in a bad scrape, with the prospect of half a million dollars damages to pay, they are ready to start up any kind of a story to clear their skirts of blame. I do not find fault with the railroad magnates in this matter, but with the slavish and mercenary papers that have stepped in to do their lying for them.

The recent derailments on the eastern roads, in addition to the Tehachipe disaster, suggest some new means of escape for imprisoned passengers. It should be made, in the first place, a penitentiary offence for a porter to lock a sleeping-car door while the train is under way. There should also be a trap-door, 3x3 feet in size, in each end of each passenger coach to enable passengers to get out when a coach is ditched and stood upon its head. Had the Southern Pacific coaches been provided in this way, Col Larrabee, Mrs Downey and others might have been alive to-day. But with a derailed car the timbers are so strained and the work thrown out of line, that it is impossible to get an upright door open in time to permit the escape of passengers. At this season nearly every passenger car contains a stove, and that stove contains a hot fire, which is sure to be scattered far and near when the coach is upset. If passenger cars could be heated by steam from the locomotive boiler instead of a stove, it might be better, save that if the steam were hot and dry when a train upset, the passengers would be scalded, instead of roasted to death.

It is a bad business from top to bottom. If I should be asked the cause of railroad accidents I should say scanty wages and careless employees. You cannot get careful and vigilant men for fifty dollars per month. They can earn more by carrying a hod. But the stock gamblers, like Gould, Vanderbilt, Sage, Field et al, must live and have their palaces. The stocks of all these roads are "watered" to death, and in order to pay dividends upon these fictitious valuations, the managers resort to low wages, and take the desperate chances of getting good men at what is hardly fair compensation for boys. In the case of the Spuyten Duyvel disaster it was shown that the man who attended two switches, half a mile apart, was paid $1 50 per day for doing so. This, in order that Mr Vanderbilt might pay $40 000 for a trotting horse and lower the record a quarter of a second

There has got to be an end to this thing, either by law or by violence. This way of making a dollar in money represent two or three dollars of alleged capital can have but one of two solutions. It will either be the passage of a law requiring all these corporations to limit the capital stock to actual cost, or it will be a neck-tie party, with the telegraph poles ornamented by the elevation of scare-crows taken out of Wall street. Mr Vanderbilt's remark of "The public be d—d" may prove a costly utterance to him before he gets through with it

In all the history of American public men there is no man who has so fallen into derision as Cyrus W. Field. Thirty years ago he had more money than he knew what to do with. It was impossible to spend the income of it and get value received. He bridged the Atlantic with a cable of wire and became the Franklin of our latter days. Poets sang his praise and statesmen of all nations bowed homage to him. Oh, sad wreck! Oh, pitiful degradation! To-day he is the chief of a gang of conspirators, getting rich in stock deals, and growing hourly poorer in the esteem of his fellowmen. Twenty years ago his name was blazoned on the muster roll of fame, beside those of Watt, Arkwright, Fulton, Faraday, Franklin, Humboldt, and Arago. To-day he ranks by the side of Gould, Sage, Hatch, Dewey, Work, and the sharks of Wall street. Pity the poor old man. To what wretchedness will not avarice lead its helpless victims.

A French milkman has been arrested for trade adulteration. The complainant was a woman who swore that she wanted some fish for breakfast, and some milk also. She called the milkman and bought half a gallon of milk, when she saw a small perch swimming around in the lacteal fluid. The woman had the swill-milk sharper arrested, and he swore that he sold the milk just as it came from the cow. This was highly probable, as his cows were driven down to the river bank to drink every morning, and the cow must have swallowed the perch. This story, while it seemed quite plausible to the milkman, was not equally so to the judge, who fined him 120 francs

Speaking of milk and water, reminds me of a statement that Jim Keene has just mortgaged his Newport residence for $75 000 and offered his famous horse Foxhall for sale. Jeems began life by selling watered milk in Shasta, and then went to New York to show them how to sell watered stocks, but from present appearances it looks as if the wiry little Californian had met with somebody who had made him take a dose of his own medicine. As people generally are not acquainted with Mr Keene, I would state that it was he who telegraphed to Mr Gr[illegible] just after Foxhall had won the [illegible] the following unique dispatch [illegible] the races of a nation and I [illegible] GRIZZLY

[illegible] thirty years could [illegible] Sunday edition [illegible] proper to print a Sunday paper.

[illegible]ance Co.
[illegible] ZANOVICH,
[illegible] BURRELL,
[illegible] M. WIBERG,
[illegible] GEO H. NOTTAGE
[illegible]NDREW ROBERTS
[illegible] HOGAN
[illegible]ARDT
[illegible] FUND LIFE [illegible]ON,
New York.
[illegible] the State of New
[illegible] COMPANY
[illegible]
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$10,000,000
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[illegible] Six Years
[illegible]FICE,
[illegible] Streets.
[illegible]TER,
Oregon.

[illegible] Gambetta's Papers. [illegible]

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Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 8, 188[illegible]

THE [illegible]

Why this [illegible]
[illegible]
Life's a battle; I have fought it
With sharp sword and [illegible]

What thing [illegible]
See the wounds that scar this heart
Wounds from [illegible]
Wounds from [illegible]

Yet my faith was never shaken
I believed my love was true
Never cursed the [illegible]
Though it gave me [illegible]

With a band [illegible]
I will work, and know [illegible]
Till my name [illegible] bright [illegible]
From the hearts of all the best

So thou wilt not [illegible]
Give thy hand and grant [illegible]
To live and on thy dainty fingers
Count eternities [illegible]

DR. DORN'S MISTAKE.

Miss Wilmar's [illegible] had died. Now, we all know it is a very hard thing to lose a physician on whom one is dependent and to whom one is greatly attached. To Miss Wilmar it was particularly so.

Miss Wilmar [illegible] was a maiden lady of some forty-five years, very rich, very whimsical (as rich people often consider that they have a right to be) and [illegible] and fussy, what fancying herself ailing a hundred times oftener than there was any need, and convinced that she could not live a week without the physician to examine her pulse and look at her tongue.

Therefore you can see at once that the good lady was in a most uncomfortable state of mind. What she was to do she had not the slightest idea. The possibility of any one else taking the place of Dr. Dennet was ridiculous in itself. She was perfectly satisfied that there was no physician equal to him anywhere. She sighed deeply, and felt that now she was to be pitied indeed. She should never enjoy anything like health again.

And you can see, too, that if Miss Wilmar should get over this conviction and allow herself to be persuaded that there existed in the world another physician worth trusting, it would be a very good thing for him, since dependent on frequent medical advice as she fancied herself all, her doctor's bill must necessarily be be large.

Her friends said, "Now what will poor dear Miss Wilmar do?"

And more than one physician in the town thought within himself what a particularly profitable thing it would be for him if he could get Miss Wilmar for a patient with her very many ailments, and her very prompt remuneration for services rendered.

Mrs. Leonard, an old friend of Miss Wilmar called on that day to condole with her and to offer advice.

"What a great pity, Miss Wilmar, that you have lost your physician. It must come very hard to you!"

"Yes," Miss Wilmar said, it did come very hard to her. She didn't in the least know what to do. She would be very glad if anybody could advise her in the matter. She certainly couldn't live without a physician—a physician she must have. But what physician? There was the difficulty.

"Why don't you try Dr. Gray?"

"Too slow! I never should get well under his care in the world. He'd make me so nervous with his excessive moderation!"

"Dr. Markham, then?"

"He's just the opposite. Comes blustering in like a whirlwind, and won't hear what you have to say, hardly. Gives a patient no time whatever to describe symptoms. I want somebody with some feeling!"

"Dr. Hale?"

"I hate homœopathy. I thought you knew it."

"So I did, but I thought I'd mention him. Well, Dr. Carlton, if they won't do?"

"Wouldn't have him to prescribe for my cat!"

Mrs. Leonard laughed. She didn't see what Miss Wilmar could do. Half a dozen good physicians were within a stone's throw almost, as one might say, and yet she would have none of them.

"What do you think of Dr. Dorn? or haven't you thought about him at all? He didn't occur to my mind before, being somewhat new here. But I have heard him spoken well of."

"To tell you the truth I was thinking of him just before you mentioned his name. I won't have any of the others. And I should run some risk, any way. At all events I believe I'll think about having him."

To a good many people in this world, it is a relief to have made up one's mind, even with the prospect of running a risk. And when Miss Wilmar's mind was made up, as it was shortly, she felt very much better, quite cheerful, indeed—and keeping Dr. Dorn in her mind almost constantly, she got very soon to feeling as if she were quite well acquainted with him, so that the good lady actually bowed very civilly to him the next time she met him in the street.

Now, this was quite elevating to Dr. Dorn's feelings, for he knew, as well as any other physician in the place, that Miss Wilmar was on the lookout for a new medical adviser, and from the peculiar earnestness with which she regarded him he could not help but flatter himself that she had been turning over his case in her mind, which, as we know, was very true, indeed.

As Mrs. Leonard had remarked he had not been settled in the town a great while, and he was not very widely acquainted. But his manners were plausible, he had already been hand-in-glove with one or two rich families, and we must here mention that this was very gratifying to the doctor, for he liked exceedingly the society of the rich and great, and poor patients he did not by any means desire. So that thus far his prospects were very pleasant ones indeed. He thought to himself that he should very soon be a rising man in the place, thought much of and looked up to. And when the rich Miss Wilmar bowed so graciously to him, he quite congratulated himself, as, of course, everybody thought he be had good reason to do.

And it soon appeared a fact. For not three days after this, Miss Wilmar, being attacked severely with neuralgia, sent for him at once. He happened to be at home and went immediately to see her.

The meeting was a very pleasant one, for Miss Wilmar, as we have said, having set her mind on employing him, and thereby becoming used to the idea, which went a great way with her—and having moreover heard favorable accounts of him from some of the families where he visited—was quite prepossessed with him already.

And when she had half an hour's conversation with him she liked him still more. He entered into her feelings so completely, she said, was so full of sympathy, seemed so clearly to understand her case. In fact, though different, of course, from Dr. Dennet, yet he was more fitted to take his place in her estimation than any physician she had ever known.

He prescribed for her; the prescription was successful. She had never experienced more decided relief even under Dr. Dennet's care. For one ailment and another she was obliged to send for him again and again, and every occasion gave her new faith in the doctor and his treatment. So that Dr. Dorn became established as Miss Wilmar's physician, and she congratulated herself very much upon the fact, and so did he.

In fact Dr. Dorn said to himself that he had made a considerable step in the world. He had been preferred before every old established practitioner in the town. Miss Wilmar was rich, prompt in her payments, needing frequent advice—what a good thing for him, for his reputation, for his purse! A very fortunate man was the doctor.

He was sitting quite at leisure, in his office one evening, with his feet on the fender and dreaming golden dreams of the future. Miss Wilmar had promised to introduce him to a wealthy family where Dr. Dennet had been employed, and in which he in turn was likely to gain favor. He was congratulating himself anew and building castles in the air, which seemed altogether too beautiful to be real, when the bell rang and dissipated them most effectually for the moment.

A little girl of ten or twelve years came in with timid and hesitating step, a little girl with a cheap gingham dress, and a coarse straw hat that had seen service.

"What do you want?" asked the doctor gruffly.

The child looked up, half frightened.

"Old Mr. Gray was sick, would Dr. Dorn come and see him?"

"Who is Mr. Gray and where [illegible]"

[illegible] "Controller [illegible]," said the [illegible]

"Well, well! I don't know where [illegible]"

[illegible] the name of the [illegible] In [illegible] he had [illegible] now [illegible] fashioned houses that [illegible]

"Hum! [illegible] What [illegible]" was the next question.

[illegible]

Dr. Dennet [illegible] had been a favorite [illegible]

[illegible]

"Mrs. Gray sent me [illegible]"

The doctor went [illegible] unwillingly [illegible] Dr. Dorn's saving ability [illegible]

It [illegible] to say that the doctor found [illegible] surroundings. They were plain, old-fashioned like the house—furniture, well worn furniture, patched carpets, a home-spun carpet patched too. He made his visit short as possible.

"You'll come again to-morrow or next day," asked Mrs. Gray, following him to the door and speaking as if she were asking a great favor which she had no right to ask.

The doctor half promised, roughly and ungraciously as usual, and banged the door behind him without having the grace to say "Good night."

He did not go again for three days, then only dropped in as he was going by. Old Mr. Gray was very little better and complained in his gentle, feeble way and made the doctor crosser than ever.

Poor old Mrs. Gray actually felt as if they had asked too great a favor of the doctor in requesting his attendance. She mentioned to him that she has heard of him being so excellent a physician—her niece Hetty had recommended him—would he wait a moment and see her? Hetty had only just stepped into the other room and would be very glad to see him.

"Can't stop, ma'am," answered the doctor in tones quite contrasting with the smooth and cheerful ones accustomed to greet the ear of his rich patient, Miss Wilmar. "And I think, ma'am, your husband's getting along well; do very well. Let him continue the application as directed. There's no need of my coming again."

"Not coming again!" and poor old Mr. Gray hardly relieved in the least! Mrs. Gray looked just a little rising pride from her gentle eyes, but said nothing, produced a pocket book containing a great deal more money than the doctor would have believed could have been found in the house, and paid, without a moment's question, the fee he demanded. It was an exorbitant fee, too, considering what Dr. Dorn believed to be the circumstances of his patient. To tell the truth, he was surprised at being paid so promptly and liberally. He looked a little puzzled—lingered a little—but not a word said Mrs. Gray or her husband, only waited for him to go, which he did very slowly, bidding them a tolerably civil good evening.

"Well, aunt!" ejaculated Miss Wilmar, stepping out from an adjoining room, as the doctor left the house. "This is what you get by living so that upstarts like that think you're no better than paupers. To be sure it's none of his business, or that of anybody else, if you choose to live to suit yourself. And he may reckon on having had the last of your money or mine either. Not a step does he set in my house again! I'll have another physician to-morrow."

And so she did. And Dr. Dorn, astonished and mortified, never knew the reason till one fine day he discovered that Miss Wilmar herself was the "niece Hetty" of whom Mrs. Gray had made mention. *Jane Alison.*

HOW LITTLE JAKE FOUND HIM.

It was Saturday morning, clear and cold. The bells were ringing and people were going into the churches in the upper part of the city the same as on Sunday. A ragged, pale-faced boy loitered around the door of one of them and finally plucked up courage to slide into the porch and gradually to edge into the door and slip unobserved into a back seat. He was a little fellow, with a brown hair and light blue eyes and if he had been washed and combed and well clad would have been a pretty boy, but he bore the marks of ill usage and had the forlorn air of that most pitiable object, a neglected child.

He looked cautiously about him, and when the organ began to sound seemed utterly confounded. And no wonder, for Little Jake had never been inside a church before in all his miserable life. He was nobody's child and lived down by the river with an old man who starved him to make him beg and beat him to make him steal. This morning he had been driven forth without breakfast and forbidden with curses, to return until he got some money. He was feverish and ill, and shivered in the piercing air and with a dull, stiff [illegible] had taken his way aimlessly from the filthy and poverty-stricken quarter where he lived towards the broad avenues and beautiful homes of the prosperous world and in the same dull way had drifted into the church.

Wreaths of evergreen and scarlet [illegible] and exquisite flowers made the place beautiful. The organ pealed, the singers sang joyous strains, for it was Christmas morning, the gladdest time of the year to the happy, but nothing to little Jake, who had never heard of it but a bitter cold day when he had no breakfast.

By and by the minister rose and began to talk. His voice was soft and pleasant, and in a simple way he told the story of the first Christmas. Little Jake was all ears. He enlarged on the fact that the Christ, to whom a wonderful star guided the wise men, was the richest and most generous of beings, that anyone had but to ask to receive from him the best [illegible]. So simple and gracious was his language, so hearty was his assurance of welcome, that hope sprang up in the heart of the child and he felt if he could only get to Christ he would [illegible] that he should not be beaten when he went home.

The service was over [illegible] people [illegible]

[illegible]

Little Jake approached them.

"Do you know Christ?" he asked timidly.

They gave him no answer, but with a startled air hastened their steps, turning once or twice to look at the child. He sighed and wandered on. It was very cold and nearly everyone walked briskly, and Little Jake was [illegible] to arrest their steps. An [illegible] and answer his questions and the lad plucked up courage to ask him if he knew where Christ lived.

"Speak louder, little feller," he said, putting his hand on his ear.

Little Jake repeated the question, accenting the name. An [illegible] expression appeared on his good face.

"You're a bad little boy, I'm afraid," he said. "Don't you know it's wicked to swear? And on Christmas Day too," and he took his head and went sorrowfully away.

The short winter afternoon was wearing to a close before he made another attempt. He turned the matter over in his mind and concluded to vary his form of address. A sport[illegible]

[illegible]

"[illegible] Would [illegible] Little Jake [illegible]"

[illegible]

"Off [illegible] I'll give you something if [illegible]," she said impatiently. [illegible]

[illegible]

"I didn't want nothing only to ask where [illegible]"

Night was falling [illegible] and Christ [illegible] He put the question to the prosperous [illegible] and the [illegible] face [illegible] what [illegible]

[illegible] and the [illegible] and their angry voices [illegible] in the distance.

It was dark and the stars were out in the frosty heaven. Little Jake looked up the long street and, [illegible] when it seemed [illegible] point in the sky shone the small lamp of the evening star. His head throbbed with pain, his weary limbs ached, his feet and hands were benumbed with cold but the star filled his soul with fresh courage.

"[illegible] star," was his glad thought. "The [illegible] stopped over the place where [illegible]. I'll go there." And he started off up the street.

Block after block was wearily passed and still the star was far, far off. Poor patient Little Jake was very weary, wandering all day without food, and the porch of a church he was passing looked like a refuge from the wind where he might rest a moment. He climbed the steps and sank down, a little huddled heap in the corner.

"Couldn't find him to-night," he muttered. "In the mornin'—" and Little Jake was asleep.

Presently it began to snow and snowed all night, and the wind drifted it into the porch and covered Little Jake with a soft white coverlet. The city clocks struck all the hours of the night and it was Sunday morning. The sexton came to shovel away the snow before meeting time and cleared the walk and mounted the steps to the porch. Finding a heap of something there he stooped over, brushed the snow lightly off and disclosed the small pale face of Little Jake.

"What have you here, Jarvis?" said the soft-voiced minister coming up the steps.

Jarvis raised himself up and answered gravely:

"A dead child, sir." *Lucy L. Stout in the Detroit News.*

TILDEN'S BETROTHED.

Her Identity Puzzling the New York Press.

Brooklyn Eagle.

The marriage of Samuel J. Tilden is again announced as an event of the near future. The vigor and enthusiasm with which Mr. Tilden is married by his friends is noticeable. He has only to refuse some political appointment and announce his desire to retire into domestic life to be immediately put down as engaged to be married. As years roll on the frequency of his alleged engagements increase until they have become quite periodical and now we have the announcement of his coming marriage with the approach of every season. This time we have the usual autumn betrothal a little late. I wondered in November how it was that somebody was not at work marrying the venerable statesman for the season and began to feel that he was being slighted. However, early in December the rumors began to float about and now I see all the society papers are in the usual state of giggling delight over the coming marriage of the sage. Of course it is necessary to select a new bride for Mr. Tilden every season, and there would be a dearth of [illegible] for the fact that the lady's name is never mentioned in these reports. This time it is stated that "Mr. Samuel J. Tilden is engaged to a young, beautiful and accomplished girl in Albany. This is positively true, as we have it from the very best authority possible (the best authority most likely is J. T.). The marriage will be celebrated shortly before Lent. Mrs. Pelton, the sister and housekeeper of Mr. Tilden, has already left Greystone and is now completing all the arrangements for the wedding at her brother's famous Gramercy Park residence."

That is a beautiful statement. The picture of the aged Mrs. Pelton rushing post haste to Gramercy park and making arrangements for her brother's wedding gives the statement an air of breezy and active force that it would otherwise spend months in arrangements. Why should she spend months in arranging a mansion that is just completed and in a condition absolutely perfect in Mr. Tilden's eyes? I fear that there is no more truth here than in many preceding announcements. It is very galling to be a wealthy bachelor or widow. I am neither, but I can feel for those who are expected to marry and yet do not wish to enter the bonds of wedlock. There's Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, widow of the late Commodore, for instance. The papers have announced her as engaged to nearly every eligible man in America whose station warranted such honor. Now they have given up telling of her engagements and state that she will marry General Beauregard, formerly of the southern army and now head of state lottery, shortly after Easter. From a superficial scouring of the society papers, I am convinced that everything in the social world about which chroniclers of news [illegible] is put down as "shortly before [illegible] or shortly after Easter." Mrs. A. T. Stewart is about the only wealthy widow in New York whose name the gossipers [illegible]. She lives so quietly, however, that there is no chance to [illegible] her name with anybody's, and the paragraphers are thus left in the lurch. Fortunate woman.

The Heads of Great Men.

It is usually supposed that men of great intellect have large and massive heads [illegible] Queen Elizabeth was the first to suggest [illegible] is not borne out by facts. An examination of busts, pictures, medallions, intaglios, etc., of the world's famous celebrities almost tells the other way. [illegible]

[illegible] as an eight day clock. —*Jour[illegible]*

Selecting a Wife.

Who marries for [illegible] takes a wife; who marries for [illegible] takes a mistress; who marries for position takes a lady. You are loved by your wife, regarded by your mistress, tolerated by your lady. You have a wife for yourself, a mistress for [illegible], a lady for the world and society. Your wife will agree with you, your mistress will rule you, your lady will manage you. [illegible] If you are sick, your wife will nurse you, your mistress will visit you, your lady will inquire after your health. You take a walk with your wife, a ride with your mistress and go to a party with your lady. Your wife will share your grief, your mistress your money, your lady your debts. If you are dead, your wife will weep, your mistress will lament and your lady wear mourning. Which will you have?

TALMAGE IN OPERA.

How the Great Ecclesiastical Showman is Caricatured.

THE BARNUM OF THE PULPIT.

The Clever Trick of a Popular Actor to make Himself Appear Just Like the Great Brooklyn Preacher.

New York Sun.

[illegible] John Wellington Wells [illegible] Talmage [illegible]

The orchestra was playing the music for the performance [illegible] and asked the visitor to draw up a chair. An attendant helped him on with the [illegible] trousers and waistcoat of his costume for the part, at once changing the aspect as to clothes from fashionable to unfashionable. His head then looked as though it had got on the wrong body. He arranged a lot of articles that looked like cosmetics and pomades, in sticks and pots on the dresser under the glass, against which he leaned a card photograph of Talmage. Then [illegible] and thumb into a pot he drew out some plastic material and began to lay it around the end of his nose.

"This is a mixture of beeswax and putty," he said as he deftly squeezed and patted it, "and we use it to build out the features, the nose, the cheeks, the chin, as the case may be. My own nose, as you see, is wholly unlike Mr. Talmage's. His is long and less bulbous than mine. So I increase my nasal protuberance, taking care to keep to the outlines of his picture."

Mr. Howson's nose was properly extended, the work being done with great celerity. But the addition was of grayish hue, as though the organ had been frozen solid, or dreadfully pinched.

"This is grease paint," he said, taking up a stick of pinkish mixture, "and it is made in a variety of colors, taking the place of the dry materials with which actors formerly streaked their faces. My acquaintance with grease paint was made in San Francisco, sixteen years ago, when as a boy I played a violin in a theater orchestra on Sunday nights, when German performances were given on the stage. Julius Ascher, a clever German comedian, made the mysteries of make-up clear to me. He used to turn my face into an old man's or anything else that I preferred—which was practice for him and a delight to me."

As he stroked his nose and its additions with the stick of paint and rubbed in the color with the tip of a finger, the white speedily became the hue of flesh, and no sign of the jointure could be seen.

"Now I have Mr. Talmage's nose. Sometimes I am happier in my likenesses than at night, and at others don't do so well. It is a truth [illegible] the paint [illegible] too quickly, like a chop on a cold plate. So I warm this stick by the gas."

This fresh stick was of a bigger pink than the other, and with rapid strokes he gave his face a tint that in the glare of the footlights would match Talmage's complexion. Then he rubbed the same color into his eyebrows, covering them all except another line.

"My eyebrows are heavy," he explained, "and his are thin, so I turn most of mine into flesh. Actors have to sacrifice their mustaches to the exigencies of the profession, but not their eyebrows. I cover as much of mine as I [illegible], you see, and streak the remainder with white. Did I study Talmage from life? Oh yes. I went to hear him preach several times, but my chief guide in the make up was a photograph. When I accepted the part of John Wellington Wells I felt like adding some attractiveness to it if possible. He is a smug, glib English tradesman, you know, and at the same time a dealer in magic and spells. The portrait of Mr. Talmage caught my eye in a store window and the face somehow impressed me as suitable for the character. I resolved to put him on the stage as Wells, and privately made all the preparations. When the opera was ready for production and the first dress rehearsal was held, I went on the stage in the Talmage make up. I had resolved to take the risk of not labelling myself, 'This is Talmage,' but the orchestra, the chorus and everybody else present immediately pronounced it a likeness. As they had known nothing of my intentions I was confident that an audience would not miss the likeness. I intended no attack on the minister, and I don't believe he resents it at all, though some persons have condemned the liberty I have taken with him."

While talking the actor had wrinkled his forehead by putting two tones of flesh color. Next he dipped a small brush in reddish brown paint and drew lines on his face, adding a year to his age at every stroke.

"I use no black for these," he said. "You never saw an artist do that. [illegible] make a mistake. Have you [illegible] seen them with their eyes looking like burnt holes in a blanket? That was because they had ringed their lids with black. [illegible] the face with black and white has gone out. Mr. Jefferson's [illegible] Rip Van Winkle [illegible] was Mr. Wheatleigh's. Walter Montgomery was an expert. Montgomery [illegible] and was not very old, but in making up for [illegible] part [illegible] but went so far as to give his ears that [illegible]. Now I come to an important point of my portraiture of Mr. Talmage. Observe that my eyes [illegible] far out and full. [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] twenty-five minutes had been [illegible] Wellington Wells. [illegible]

[illegible]

THE WELLESLEY SCANDAL.

A Pug Nosed Variety Actress Likely to Marry one of England's Peers.

[illegible] Colonel Wellesley [illegible]

[illegible] After this Wellesley became [illegible] St. Petersburg [illegible] at Vienna, and then public opinion began to cry out against the extraordinary favors that were thus being heaped [illegible] in rapid succession on the head of so young a soldier. He had meantime married Lord Cowley's daughter, a marriage apparently suitable in [illegible]. Things went well till Wellesley paid a long visit to London and there he had the misfortune to go to the Gaiety theater. I have already mentioned this popular place of London entertainment, and it is certainly, though not very large, perhaps the most significant institution of the kind in London. It is there that Connie Gilchrist, a snub-nosed and silky looking girl of about nineteen, wears the [illegible] diamonds. It is there that, when the theater itself closes and the stage door opens, fashionable and dissipated youth, or as they are now called our [illegible] stage-door wait, and ladies of the ballet, with a salary of about $5 or $10 a week, drive up in coaches and four.

Kate Vaughn has long been the belle of this theatre. She has no histrionic ability. She has scarcely any voice, but she has a grace of motion that may certainly be described as wonderful. Before she met Wellesley she had already won many hearts, and indeed, when he made her acquaintance for the first time, she was on friendly terms with another member of the aristocracy. From the latter she agreed after some persuasion to [illegible] with Wellesley; and there is a funny story of two special trains being sent from Charing Cross depot almost within an hour of each other—the one bearing Miss Vaughn away with her new lover and the other conveying the discarded and disconsolate friend. The sequel to the whole business came a few days ago. Wellesley was brought before the Divorce Court by his wife, made no defense, and of course, was immediately non-suited. The story now goes that he intends immediately to make Kate his wife and if this be true her fortune will certainly be a curious one. Colonel Wellesley, if I do not mistake, is the heir presumptive to the Duke of Wellington, and the Duke is childless and upward of seventy. If all this be true, Kate, the danseuse, will become Kate the duchess. It is not the first time the aristocracy has been recruited from the boards of the British stage.

COLLEGE BOYS IN A CAVE.

An Adventure of Three Lads Who are Attending a School in Tennessee.

Monroe Democrat.

Last Saturday was an eventful day for Hiwassee college. Three boys, Dodd of Texas, and Henshaw and Sutton of Indiana, stole off to explore Craighead cavern, three miles away. They entered the cave with a torchlight, and after wandering about became lost in the labyrinthine passages. For some hours they endeavored in vain to find their way out again. Their light began to flicker, but fortunately it did not expire till they had passed the pit, said to be ninety feet deep. Then Egyptian darkness was all about them. They searched their pockets for matches but could find but one, and this missed fire. There they were in a vast living tomb utterly unable to extricate themselves. They tried to cheer each other for awhile, but as the hours wore away they sank down in gloom and helplessness—they thought of home in Texas or Indiana.

At the college the day wore away, but the three boys were missing. With the night came on cold, drizzling rain, but at 8 o'clock a band set off with lights to seek and save the lost. Slowly they trudged through the mud and rain to the cave. They entered and called aloud for their lost comrades but in vain. On they pressed. At length their shouts were answered by—was it an echo or a real voice? They soon found answering shouts of joy. The lost were found, cold, shivering, hungry. Some of the rescuing party took off their overcoats and gave them to the suffering ones. At 1 o'clock in the morning of the next day the lost ones reached their rooms at the college, wet as minks and cold and hungry as polar bears, sadder but wiser than when they stole their march on the previous morning.

About Spelling.

Mark Twain has his little fling at those peculiarities of English spelling which retard the proficiency of dull scholars. He says: "There are 114,000 words in the unabridged dictionary. I know a young lady who can spell only 180 of them right. She steers clear of the rest. She can't learn any more. So her letters always consist of those constantly recurring 180 words. Now and then when she finds herself obliged to write upon a subject which necessitates the use of some other words she—well, she don't write on that subject. I have a relation in New York who is almost sublimely gifted. She can't spell any word right. There is a game called verbarium. A dozen people are each provided with a sheet of paper, across the top of which is written a long word like kaleidoscopical or something like that, and the game is to see who can make up the most words out of that in three minutes, always beginning with the initial of the word. Upon one occasion the word chosen was cofferdam. When time was called everybody had built from five to twenty words, except this young lady. She had only one word—'calf.' We all studied a moment and then said: 'Why there is no "l" in cofferdam.' Then we examined her paper. To the eternal honor of that uninspired, unconscious, sublimely independent soul be it said, she had spelled that word 'caff.' If anybody here can spell calf more sensibly than that let him to the front."

A Wonderful Deformity.

Probably one of the greatest deformities in the world, says the Montezuma (Ga.) *Weekly*, is that of a Mr. Gantling, now living in Taylor county. There seems to be an accumulation of adipose matter about every joint in his body, and the larger the joints of course the greater the amount of this fatty matter. Consequently [illegible] his hands [illegible] each of his hands weighing over sixteen pounds and being several times larger than his head. He is 23 years old, and only 30 inches in height. [illegible] seems to have taken away all flesh from the other parts of the body and the limbs look like threads supporting enormous weights, and [illegible] is the weight of his hands that [illegible] he is unable [illegible]

Anecdotes of Queen Victoria.

Sir Archibald Alison, in his autobiography just published, tells two very interesting anecdotes of Queen Victoria. She told him on one occasion, when referring to her Scotch ancestors, how glad she was that she was descended from Queen Mary and had nothing to do with Queen Elizabeth. The other story relates to Lord Clyde. "It is well known that he was seriously hurt at having an officer put over his head as commander-in-chief after General Simpson's resignation in the Crimea, and that he had returned during the winter, intending not to go out again. But he yielded at his own [illegible] eventually to the queen, who at Windsor [illegible] asked him to sit beside her on the sofa, and burst into tears at his [illegible]. He respectfully kissed her majesty's hand, and said he could not hold out [illegible]

The Curious Use of a Rooster.

Information has reached this place that a rooster belonging to a farmer near Thorough[illegible] has gone off to live with a flock of wild turkeys. Every morning at daylight he crows and the farmer, who knows where his rooster is, is thus enabled to go out and kill a wild turkey every day. —*From the Warrenton Virginian.*

THE INTERIOR INDIVIDUAL.

A Brief Discussion upon Everything that we Eat.

NATURE ABHORS A VACUUM.

A Column Devoted to Cultivation of the Appetite, as well as to the Ridiculous Side of the Banquets.

Dukes always pick their bones with the [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] a morning [illegible] *Picayune.*

If all the tobacco factories in the country [illegible], what will the cigarette smoker do? [illegible]

Georgia farmers now brew beer from sugar cane. New beer is made from almost anything but hops.

It is rather odd that beer should have gone up in price so soon after Herr Most arrived. —*Philadelphia News.*

It is a new [illegible] of domestic economy to [illegible] pork. Few guests will know the difference.

According to an exchange, a chemist has discovered that the flavor of cheese is determined by the germs in the atmosphere.

Peanuts are only twenty cents a bushel in Georgia and you can't hear a word the actor say twenty feet away from the stage.

New York saloon keepers intend soon to advance the price for beer owing to an advance of $2 per barrel in the wholesale rates.

Out in Ohio they revive a fainted man by putting a piece of Limburger cheese in his nose. If there's any life in him he gets up and travels.

A Germantown, Pa., family was recently poisoned by eating the meat put up in tin cans, the contents having been tainted with the lead soldering.

Mince-pie season is here and those who can afford it will now dream of elephants with four trunks and mules with illuminated heads. —*Bos. Post.*

Double-sized beer glasses are called "stovepipes" in Washington, probably because if they were called schooners, the navy would seize and utilize them.

Manages to get even. "Gin ruins genius," says an exchange. Yes, but genius ruins a good deal of gin, so it's about a stand off. —*Elmira Gazette.*

Nilsson takes her breakfast before rising. The famous singer has probably solved the difficult problem of eating without getting crumbs in the bed.

Terrapin croquettes are something made by certain of the Philadelphia caterers to perfection, and as made by them constitute a dish fit to set before the king.

New Orleans is horrified to find that twenty of its eighty one bakeries make bread with well-water which is always unfit for drinking and absolutely poisonous.

The latest slur upon Venus is that during her rapid transit she looked like an old-fashioned, unsugarcoated pill. Few persons would be willing to swallow that.

More than one bridegroom of the season has been under the influence of mineral water during the ceremony, and Mrs. Grundy says they should be ashamed of themselves.

It was written "Good for nervousness is a characteristic of celery," but the intelligent compositor rendered it "Good fornothingness is a characteristic of the clergy."

A St. Louis genius makes icicles out of pure whisky and finds plenty of customers for all he can turn on. Frozen whisky tastes like the best imported champagne. —*Free Press.*

A New Yorker claims to be the inventor of that mellifluous mixture, rye and rock. We don't believe it, for history proves that ages ago the Germans had their Rhine rock. —*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

Roast grouse are often ruined by being allowed to stand after being taken from the fire, and thus become dry and parched. All game tastes best that is sent immediately from the fire to the dinner table.

Another scientific man in France has risen to say that habitual consumption of truffles affects the heart and will in time kill. This is nonsense. He probably meant to say that truffles affect the palate.

Boston parents allow their boys to smoke at home, lest they should go to saloons to do so. On the same principle, we suppose, they daily sand the kitchen floor and set up a beer keg in one corner. —*Phil. News.*

The proprietor of a gift tea store in Cincinnati advertises that he has "filled the parlors of the most cultivated people in this city with objects of art and ornament." You get a crockery mule with every pound of 80-cent tea. —*Free Press.*

The evil results of procrastination were strikingly illustrated in Springfield, Mo., the other day, when a man pouring out a glass of whisky, looked at it a moment, and then dropped dead. —*Texas Siftings.*

Bewildering. Mr. Wuzzles (up for the cattle show)—"Cheese, waiter!" Robert—"Yessir. Stockfor', Commonbare, Grew'ere, Noochatell, Gorgonzo——" Mr. Wuzzles, testily—"No, no, I said cheese." —*London Punch.*

Prince Bismarck keeps a diary. We have carefully conned it, but can find no allusion to the fact that a rash butcher once named a sausage after him. It is evidently a missing link in the prince's autobiography. —*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

The froth was blown from $250,000,000 worth of beer, being 35,000,000 gallons, in this country, last year, and the probabilities point strongly toward the belief that an equal amount was snugly stowed away beneath the jackets of thirsty Americans.

"Is domestic cooking a necessity on the Sabbath day?" is a recent conundrum. In reply, a great deal of the domestic cooking done on Sunday and other days as well is a positive crime. There is no necessity for such cooking at all. —*Boston Globe.*

Hereafter when you are in New York don't drink. One of the Central Park ostriches swallowed a glass of lager beer the other day and died almost immediately. It doesn't do to touch New York liquors unless you were born in the place and weaned on it. —*Lowell Citizen.*

Rumor has it that buckwheat cakes will be made this season in the form of billiard balls. This is a concession to the time-saving idea of the expeditious American, it being a part of the design to discharge the spherical buckwheat concoction into the needy stomach from a Gatling gun set at the head of the breakfast table.

The following explains the difference between luck and chance. You take a girl out to the theater and discover that you have got a cent in your pocket. You are of course compelled to invite her to an oyster saloon after the performance. She refuses for some reason, that's luck; but the chance is a million to one she will accept.

Foote, dining at the house of Mrs. Thrale, found nothing to his liking, and sat in expectation of something better. A neck of mutton being the last thing, he refused it, as he had the other dishes. As the servant was taking it away, however, understanding that there was nothing more, Foote called out to him: "Hello, John, bring that back again. I find it's neck or nothing."

A Boston woman went into a confectioner's shop to give orders for wedding dainties. She was told that the proprietor was engaged. She insisted on the importance of her errand, and the clerk, after a conference with his employer, drew himself up with great dignity and said: "Mr. —— is in the studio, engaged in tinting water ices, and he cannot be disturbed."

It is related of a Poughkeepsie, New York, congregation that they have just dismissed their minister because he rebuked two Christians who were smoking in a horse car, wore a flannel shirt at a watering place, and performed that dangerous undertaking of putting food in his mouth with a knife instead of a fork. That preacher may pass for a reformer, but he must stop eating with a knife. That is positively wicked.

Dr. Dresser in his new work on Japan, tells of a dainty that is served at the high toned banquets of that country—a live fish so delicately carved that no vital part is touched and the fish lives, glaring on its devourer, when the last slice of its flesh has been consumed. The look of astonishment to be noted in the eyes of that fish as he thus observes himself gradually disappear would, we think, prove a splendid subject for a cellar-door artist to depict.

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Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY

[illegible]

Oh summer has[illegible] wild[illegible]
[illegible]
In the[illegible]
And the[illegible]
But the[illegible] has the charm
Of the[illegible] Christmas time.

Oh summer has its lustre
Of the[illegible] warm[illegible]
[illegible]
When[illegible]
But feet in winter's snow
The fires of Christ[illegible]
—Susan [illegible]

BRITISH BRILLIANTS.

Gleanings from this Month's English Magazines.

EXCERPTS FROM THE REVIEWS

Gems from Blackwood, Fraser and Macmillan Condensed Into Brief Paragraphs for Sunday Reading.

VOLTAIRE'S ACQUAINTANCE WITH ENGLISH

Milton he studied, as his "Essay on Epic Poetry" proves, with singular diligence. He had, in addition to "Paradise Lost," read "Paradise Regained" and "Samson Agonistes," neither of which he thought of much value. He was well acquainted with the poems, the dramas, and the essays of Dryden, and with the writings of Dryden's contemporaries. Even such inferior poets as Oldham, Roscommon, Dorset, Sheffield, Halifax and Rochester had not escaped his curious eye. Rochester, indeed, he pronounced to be a poet of great genius; he places his satires on a level with those of Boileau, and in one of the "Philosophical Letters" (the twenty-first) he turns a portion of the satire on man into French heroics. With the poems of Denham he was greatly pleased, and of Waller, whose "Elegy on the Death of Cromwell" he has translated into French verse, he speaks in terms of enthusiastic admiration, ranking him above Voiture, and justly observing that his serious compositions exhibit a strength and vigor which could not have been expected from the softness and fluency of his other pieces. He read Otway; he was acquainted with Lee, and he enjoyed the comedies of Wycherley, Vanburgh and Congreve, on which he has left many just and interesting observations. But nothing illustrates his mastery over our language and his power of entering into the spirit of our literature even when that literature is most esoteric so strikingly as his remarks on "Hudibras." "I never found," he says, "so much wit in any single book as that. It is 'Don Quixote' and the 'Satire Menippée' blended together." Of the opening lines he has in the "Lettres Philosophiques," given a French version, reproducing with extraordinary felicity both the metre and the spirit. With not less pleasure he perused the poems of Prior. In the "Philosophical Dictionary" he devotes an article to him and in another article he pauses to draw attention to the merits of "Alma." With the essays and poems of Addison, whom he pronounces to be the best critic as well as the best writer of his age, he was well acquainted. His "Allegories" he has imitated, from his criticism on Milton he has borrowed, and his "Cato" he placed at the head of English tragedies. Indeed, he has gone so far as to say that the principal character in that drama is the "greatest that was ever brought upon any stage." His observations upon the defects of the play are less open to question, and prove that if he had the bad taste to prefer Addison to Shakespeare he was sufficiently acquainted with the history of our drama to be able to point out in what way the appearance of "Cato" marked an era in its development. To the genius of Swift he paid enthusiastic homage. He owed, he said, to Swift's writings the love he bore to the English language. He considered him immeasurably superior to Rabelais and he was so delighted with "Gulliver's Travels" that he encouraged his friend Thieriot to undertake a translation of them into French, judiciously advising him, however, to confine his efforts to the first part. His own "Micromegas" is largely indebted to "Gulliver." Nor did his nice and discriminating appreciation end here. Voltaire was the first critic who drew attention to the peculiar merit of Swift's verses.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

AN IMPROVISATORE

Unquestionably the greatest of English *improvisatori* was Theodore Hook, and, indeed, as far as our knowledge goes, England has never had any really successful performer in this way except the author of "Gilbert Gurney." For men like Charles, Sloman and other professional *improvisatori*, though undeniably clever, lacked the *abandon* and prolific ingenuity of Hook. He first gave evidence of the possession of this marvelous faculty in his twentieth year, and one of his earliest displays in improvisation was at the complimentary banquet given to Sheridan in Drury Lane theater. From that moment he became a "lion" of society. No dinner party, among those who prided themselves on such entertainments, was considered complete without Theodore Hook. And he must have been extremely attractive and fascinating as a young man. His slim graceful figure, his fine head covered with clustering black curls, his wonderful play of feature, the compass and music of his voice, his large, brilliant eyes, capable of every expression, from the gravest to the most grotesquely comical, the perfect grace and aptness of every attitude and gesture combined to make him the idol of every circle which was fortunate enough to secure his presence. His fame spread like wildfire. The prince regent heard him with delight at the marchioness of Hertford's in Manchester square and declared emphatically afterward that "something must be done for Hook," whence that unfortunate Mauritius appointment. People used to give him subjects the most unpromising. Campbell, who calls him "a wonderful creature who sang extempore songs, not to my admiration but to my astonishment," once gave him "Pepper and Salt" as a topic, and confesses that he seasoned the impromptu with both—very Attic salt. His skill in introducing the names of the company present was remarkable. On one occasion there was a Danish gentleman in the room named Rosenhagen, and a bet was made that Hook would have to omit such an intractable patronymic from his song, but he amazed and amused them all by thus cleverly solving the problem:

Yet more of my muse is required,
Alas I fear she is done!
But no, like a fiddler that's tired,
I'll Rosen-hagen and go on.
—*London Society.*

AMERICAN VARIATIONS IN WORDS

It will hardly be denied in any quarter that the speech of the United States is quite unlike that of Great Britain in the important particular that here we have no dialects. Trifling variations in pronunciation and in the use of a few particular words certainly exist. The Yankee "expects" or "calculates," while the Virginian "reckons," the illiterate northerner "claims," and the southerner of similar class by a very curious reversal of the blunder "allows," what better educated people merely assert. The pails and pans of the world at large become "buckets" when taken to Kentucky. It is evening in Richmond while afternoon still lingers a hundred miles due north at Washington. Vessels go into "docks" on their arrival at Philadelphia, but into "slips" at Mobile; they are tied up to "wharves" at Boston, but to "piers" at Chicago. Distances are measured by "squares" in Baltimore, by "blocks" in Providence. The shilling of New York is the "levy" of Pennsylvania, the "bit" of San Francisco, the ninepence of New England and the [illegible] of New Orleans. But put all these variations together with such others as more careful examination might reveal, and they fall far short of representing anything like the real differences of speech that [illegible] always have been maintained not only between the [illegible] but even between contiguous sections of England.

[illegible]

THE [illegible]

[illegible] Nubar Pasha at the [illegible] these bull[illegible] became the seats of [illegible] only their temporary profit, but they had become absolutely impoverished by the fatal murrain of 1863 and 1864. The worst plagues of Egypt had afflicted the pest-stricken country. The murrain destroyed the cattle and the cholera, not content with the sacrifice of the first-born, had raged throughout the land. Locusts had attacked the crops of the Soudan. Those who are practically inexperienced in Egyptian agriculture cannot understand the full extent of such a scourge as murrain. In all countries the loss of cattle must be a serious blow to the agricultural population, but in Egypt, where the artificial irrigation is dependent upon water-wheels worked by oxen or buffaloes, the death of cattle was simply the abstraction of a motive power without which the crops must perish for want of water. No government could have surpassed the exertions of the khedive under the pressure of this dire calamity. Cattle were purchased from every port in the Mediterranean and were imported into Egypt. These were sold to the impoverished farmers upon credit and a security was accepted for future payment. There was a short pause in the destroying course of the disease as the cattle had nearly all fallen victims, and there remained no objects or material upon which the scourge could be exerted. This interval was of short duration, the epidemic returned with its original virulence, the newly imported cattle were destroyed, and the fellaheen were left almost destitute—their oxen dead, the water wheels inactive, their crops parched and withered, themselves ruined. In the midst of this calamity the expenses of the country were increasing, which necessitated a corresponding squeeze in the taxation. Such an affliction requires many years to repair, and up to the present moment Egypt has not recovered from the loss. The khedive had borrowed largely at a financial disadvantage. The debt became a burden that necessitated fresh debts to meet the interest. The Suez canal had been a costly luxury to Egypt. In 1860 it was thrown open to the world with great eclat, at an outlay which exhibited Ismail Pasha's character for "generosity." Egypt was sliding down the incline toward ruin with frightful velocity. His highness Ismail Pasha had achieved a great work, but at an expense which his country could not bear. From 1864 to 1878 he had effected an extraordinary change, which was too rapid for the capabilities of his administration, but the change was progressive, and the seeds were sown of future greatness. Eleven hundred miles of railway had been constructed. The outer world had watched the extravagant development of Egypt with undisguised anxiety. Those who were experienced authorities of Egyptian affairs foretold approaching dissolution. The khedive was forced to borrow at ruinous sacrifices and the floating debt was the nightmare of finance, representing a formidable but unknown quantity of chaotic proportions. Egypt became virtually bankrupt. Stocks which had been issued at 7 and 8 per cent. were reduced to an interest of 5, and those loans which should have been paid off at par were liquidated at 80 cents, thus the bondholders were directly robbed of 20 per cent.—*Sir Samuel Baker, in Fortnightly Review.*

THE PRIMITIVE POLITY OF MOHAMMED.

No Moslem Arab could possess or cultivate the soil in any conquered land. He was not to build or purchase a house in any city. He was not to learn or use any foreign speech or imitate any foreign costume or custom. The distinction between the races and the religions was emphasized to eye and heart, the Moslem was made to feel a conqueror, a soldier and a superior, living among subject peoples while his home was elsewhere. And Arabia was as jealously guarded against alien taint as her sons. She was made a holy land sacred to God and His prophet. In it there was to be no religion but Islam. Every idolator, every Jew and Christian must, even though of Arab blood, leave the consecrated soil. It was to bear none but the soldier missionaries of Mohammed, to be a source whence the pure and undefiled faith could perennially flow. The son of the desert loves his home, thinks that the city depraves man and bears but sickly and feeble children. And so the purity of the desert was to guarantee the purity at once of the faith and the brotherhood, the Arabian air, polluted by no alien or infidel breath, was to nurse and inspire the men who were for the glory of Islam to conquer and rule the world. But what of the subject peoples? The Arabs had qualities that might have made them good governors. They were chivalrous, generous, open-handed, qualified by their native tendencies and instincts to be nobler masters than the men who ruled the exhausted empires of Persia and Rome. But the religious difficulty or temper did not allow the native spirit free play. So it was decreed that the religions that had sacred books, Judaism, Christianity and Zoroastrism, might as Mohammed had declared be tolerated. And tolerated they were, but on what terms? The Christians were to build no new churches or monasteries, were not even to repair those that had fallen into decay. They were to allow the Moslem soldiers to be quartered for three successive nights, if necessary, in their churches, to erect no cross on spire or turret, to show no sacred or religious book in a street where Moslems were, never to sing or pray aloud in their churches when any were near to hear, and to avoid public processions. They were not to attempt to make proselytes, to imitate the Arab dress or manners, to sit while a Moslem stood, to ride while one walked, or to hold one as a slave. They were not to speak Arabic, bear Arabic names, grave Arabic words or characters upon their signet rings, or instruct their children in letters. And if any one of these conditions were violated, the conqueror was free to do as he willed with the [illegible] person, city or province. This polity represents the Mohammedan spirit in its purity and strength. It was the creation of the men who best knew the prophet [illegible] who were possessed [illegible] [illegible] loyal to his memory [illegible]—*Contemporary Review.*

KATHARINE AND W[illegible]

Katharine [illegible] and Wolsey [illegible] most spoken of the [illegible] with [illegible] personal [illegible] that Shakespeare [illegible] found in the queen's [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] In the [illegible] woman Shakespeare [illegible] nature [illegible] pure [illegible] —*Notes [illegible] of Shakespeare's Plays, Fortnightly Review.*

[illegible]

It was the [illegible] to be near, but while it was still as dark as ever a few scattered shots were fired in our front, probably from some sentries or small pickets outside the enemy's lines. No notice was taken of this, though one of the bullets killed a Highlander; the movement was unchanged, and then a single bugle sounded within the enemy's lines. These were most welcome sounds, assuring us that we should close with the foe before daylight, which just before had seemed very doubtful. Yet a minute or two of dead silence elapsed after the bugle was blown, and then the whole extent of intrenchment in our front, hitherto unseen and unknown, poured forth a stream of rifle fire. Then for the first time that night I could really be said to see my men, lighted by the flashes—the dim phantom lines which I had been looking on all night suddenly woke to life, as our bugles sounded the charge and responding with lusty continued cheers and without a moment's pause or hesitation the ranks sprang forward in steady array. Their distance from the blazing line of intrenchment was judged to be about 150 yards. In that interval nearly 200 men went down, the Seventy-fourth on the left losing 5 officers and 60 men before it got to the ditch. This obstacle was (as the engineers afterwards recorded) 6 feet wide and 4 feet deep, and beyond was a parapet 4 feet high. Over it, or into and out of it, went the whole of the first line, mounting the parapet and attacking the Egyptians who lined it, and most of the second line followed, but I stopped the parts of it that were nearest to me as the others came up, wishing to keep a support in hand which should be more readily available than any as the brigade in the rear could supply.—*Lieut.-Gen. Hamley, in the Nineteenth Century.*

LORD BYRON IN VENICE

As Capt. Hall was a distinguished literary character and brought letters from Mr. Murray, then common publisher, Lord Byron received us with great cordiality, took us to his favorite ride at Lido, and in his gondola round the great canal, and made his hotel during our stay at Venice in a manner our home. The character of his justly celebrated man as seen on a near approach was so totally at variance with what I had previously conceived from his writings that I could hardly believe it was the same person. Occasionally, indeed, the fervor of the poet warmed his expression and always the fire of genius kindled his eye, and you should have seen his eyes fill with tears when, in rowing through the great canal or riding along the shore of the Lido, he recounted some of the glorious events of Venetian story, especially in the great contest at Malamocco with the Genoese, which the objects pointed out recalled to his recollection. In justice to Lord Byron, however, it must be added that he was living at this period (August, 1818,) in Venice under peculiar and very unfavorable circumstances. Driven from England by a burst of public obloquy, which had succeeded to an extravagant season of public adulation, he was at once in sullen alienation from his countrymen, and in a vortex of discreditable and almost desperate dissipation.—*Some Accounts of my Life and Writings—Alison.*

AN ACTRESS OF 1799 ALIVE.

Some little notice should, I think, appear of the pension recently granted by her majesty to Miss Kelly. It seems difficult to realize that we should have now living, and in the full possession of all her faculties, a lady who made her debut on the stage in 1799. Miss Kelly was an actress of some reputation, and for some time was lessee and manager of a theater which was called Miss Kelly's Theater. Miss Kelly has acted with Mrs. Jordan, who must frequently have acted with Charles Macklin. Indeed, Miss Kelly herself appeared on the stage only three years after Macklin's last performance. It is just possible that Macklin might have acted with Mr. Betterton, who was on the stage as late as 1710. There is, however, a good deal of doubt about Macklin's age when he died. But Betterton must certainly have seen Shakespeare's brother, who used to hang about the London theaters till the time of the restoration and who used to relate how he had seen his brother Will play the part of an old man in a play which was probably "Adam" in "As You Like It." This brings the drama of modern times within only four lives of the Elizabethan stage.—*Notes and Queries.*

A CENTURY AGO

Cloth had become the usual material for the coat, with blue satin breeches. Top boots and round hats were worn in the morning, with their hair unpowdered, but silk stockings and buckles, with three-cornered cocked hats, hair powder and swords were worn upon occasions of ceremony. But swords were not so generally worn in full dress as they had been ten years previously. Planché, quoting in his "History of British Costume," says that about the year 1778 gold laced hats had become fashionable again, because the press-gangs were particularly busy in that year for the royal navy, and the gold lace was supposed to impart a military or distinguished air. The peers still habitually wore their scarlet and ermine robes in the house of lords. In the commons it was customary for the members of the government to appear in full dress with bag-wigs, buckles and swords. Jesse observes that Charles James Fox and his party, who had been accustomed to dress in the négligé style which had come into vogue [illegible] when they came into power in 1782, had appeared in the house in all the tinness of the full dress.—*The Cornhill Magazine.*

THE OBSERVATIONS OF 2004

Transits of Venus usually occur in pairs, the two transits of a pair being separated by only eight years, but between the last of one pair and the first of the next pair more than a century elapses. We have now observed the second transit of the pair, for which there will be no other till the pair for which there will be no [illegible] dawn [illegible] twenty-first century of our era has dawned upon the earth and the June flowers are blooming in 2004. When the last transit season occurred the intellectual world was awakening from the slumber [illegible] and that wondrous scientific activity which led to our present [illegible] sacred knowledge was just beginning. What will be the state of [illegible] when the next transit [illegible] arrives? [illegible] Not even our children's children will live at length to [illegible] the [illegible] of that day.—*Nature.*

Ten Quail at One Shot

[illegible] Lewis, [illegible] Hill [illegible] from [illegible] summers [illegible] the best marksman [illegible] Carolina [illegible] Will [illegible] several quail [illegible] —*Baltimore[illegible] Post.*

THE TRIBE OF BRUIN.

A Lengthy Disquisition on the Grizzly Bear of the Pacific Slope.

THE AMERICAN BLACK BEAR

Stories of the Ferocity [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible]

[illegible] Alaska [illegible] grizzly [illegible] American [illegible] a man [illegible] What [illegible]

Grizzly [illegible] mountain region where they live on such animals as they can overtake and kill, and when this fails they dig up the bear grass, a species of [illegible] that is very plentiful. I have known them to invade a settler's cabin [illegible] rather a good steak or haunch [illegible] all of the time knowing what was going on, but glad to get off with no greater loss. I have seen several men who have been terribly torn up by these brutes, and among the rest the Nez Perces Chief Lawyer, who had his arm crushed in a dozen places by one of these brutes. Mr. James Baker was also badly maimed and crippled for life. When roused, the grizzly manifests great fury, and his wonderful strength enables him to overcome almost any foe.

In winter the bears keep quite still, being in a kind of torpid state, when they require no food, and doze away the cold days and nights. In the fall of the year they are very fat, and by the time spring returns are as poor as can be, the hibernation having disposed of all the surplus fat. Perhaps they go out during the winter when the weather is not too cold, but as a general thing they stay rolled up in a bunch in their caves or dens and keep warm as well as they are able, not appearing to suffer any and being lost to all kinds of sensation.

One of the largest bears I have ever seen was in Texas, while crossing over from the El Paso road to the Bandera Pass. The whole way seemed infested with bears of the cinnamon and black species, and way off in the valley below us we saw a tremendous fellow, fully as large as an ox, standing up on his hind feet and looking at our party. We did not molest him, as he was a considerable distance off, and I always recollect him as being the finest specimen of Bruin it has ever been my fortune to meet with.

The general characteristics of bears are a large, thick, clumsy body, feet entirely plantigrade, soles naked and nails long, tail very short, head broad, with forty-two teeth, namely, twelve incisors, four canines, sixteen premolars and ten molars. The claws referred to are of immense size on the grizzlies, measuring from six to seven inches in length and capable of inflicting dreadful wounds. The danger is in getting too near a bear's claws, for aside from giving you a dreadful hug, the grizzly uses his teeth with great effect and is capable of tearing the whole scalp off a man's head at a single blow. Indeed, a blow from a grizzly has ere now stretched a buffalo lifeless on the plains, the bear lying in wait and at the proper moment dealing the blow. There are several well authenticated instances of this kind, and besides killing the animal the bear has dragged him away several rods into the bushes.

There is no end to the stories that are told about the bears, some of which are interesting enough. We know how fond the black bear is of sweets and how he often attacks the beehives, his long hair furnishing him a pretty good protection against the stings of the bees. It is also said that Bruin has a decided love for liquor, provided it is well sweetened, and in his cups is as silly and senseless as an intoxicated human being. Some of his antics while intoxicated are strangely like those of his more civilized and cultivated cousin, and are singular enough. When young, bears make interesting pets, but as they get older they become morose and cross, and are very apt to do some mischief before they are finally disposed of.

Indians bring in the cubs to sell, and drive sharp bargains, provided there are strangers near to act as purchasers. The Indians themselves are very superstitious about the bears, and after one has been killed they talk to it, telling how sorry they are that they should have been obliged to take his life and how much good his visit has done them. They address the bear as brother and promise all sorts of things, provided its spirit will not think unkindly of them for what has been done. The young braves in their dances endeavor to imitate the movements of a bear, and the more successful they are in this particular the more satisfied they are with their own demeanor and grace, the slow movements of Bruin are thought to be exceedingly becoming.

In the mystic legends of the aborigines bruin has his full share of honors, some of which are told in the song of Hiawatha. It was but natural that the savages should think a great deal of one of the most powerful animals with which they were acquainted, and should accord to it great consideration. All of the stories of the Indians have a somber cast, born in the dark forests wherein the Indians themselves lived, or of the solitudes of the vast prairies and mountains. The loneliness of some of the mountain ranges in the far west is appalling, and there is a stillness about them that is overpowering. I have felt this on several occasions.

In old times, when Indians were not supplied with breech-loading rifles, it was a good deal of a feat to kill a grizzly bear with a bow and arrow, and he was a brave man who would undertake it. It is no wonder, then, that one who had succeeded in killing a bear should take great pride in wearing a necklace made of its claws. This was a great achievement, as one will see at a glance, and meant a reputation for bravery was built upon it. When in full war gear this necklace was looked upon as the man's greatest treasure, and he felt proud of the distinction. When we know how dangerous it is even now for a man well armed to attack one of these animals, we can readily understand what unlimited nerve was required when poorly armed.

Hunters love to dwell upon the excellence of bear meat, that is black bear meat. I cannot agree with them exactly, as it is excessively fat and not particularly palatable. I presume after a man has lived on deer and elk meat for a considerable time almost any change is acceptable, but bear meat is not remarkable [illegible] the [illegible] settlers in the wild [illegible] of the west [illegible] anything in the shape of fresh meat, and the fact cannot be disguised that our pioneers nowadays suffer no such hardships as [illegible] years ago, when a bear was a godsend in those days, and a present of a portion of the meat something to be remembered. I know how it was treasured up in a [illegible] and what a nine days' wonder it then was. The fat was carefully stored away, and I was supposed to have wonderful virtues, especially was bear's grease valued as a dressing for the hair. [illegible] at all events we [illegible] hear its virtues extolled on all sides.

[illegible] grizzlies [illegible] mountain [illegible] [illegible] New [illegible] Wyoming [illegible]

[illegible] in the World [illegible] Alaska [illegible] The [illegible] but the [illegible] North America seems to be the natural home for bruin, and there are three well marked species found therein. South America has but one variety, *Ursus Ornatus*. But North America is their chosen land, and there will be found here for many years to come. The brown bear of Europe, *Ursus Arctos*, is the same as the Syrian bear, *Ursus Syriacus*, or nearly so, and is found scattered through Europe and Asia, and is the one mentioned in the Bible.

On the 18th of April, 1882, I saw a very fine specimen of grizzly bear at Cheyenne, Wyoming, that had been killed a day or two before at the head of Pole creek, in the Black hills of Wyoming, on the Laramie range of mountains. It was an exceedingly handsome animal, weighing something over three hundred pounds, and had come out in a fat condition. It was over a year old. I should think most of the hair being of a glossy black and over six inches in length. I was surprised to see how fat it was and how well developed its claws were. There was considerable gray hair under the fore legs, well up toward the body, in what was possibly its armpits, as well as about the head, which was broad, and remarkably well developed. In a few years more it would have been a tremendous fellow in point of size and strength. The man had no trouble about bringing it down, and did not consider that he had done much of a feat after all, the old hunters are a modest class of beings and content with little.

I have not heard of many bears being killed in Wyoming in 1881-82, though there are plenty through the whole mountain chains reaching up from the Cordilleras of Mexico to the great plains of British Columbia.—*Col. Bracket, in American Field.*

OLD JACK IN THE WELL.

Why a Georgia Darkey Concluded that His Time Had About Come.

Montezuma Weekly.

For twenty years an old man of our county, whom we will call Jack Baldwin, has cultivated the soil and drawn therefrom a support for himself and wife, he is childless. Not long since Jack left his house in search of a missing cow. His route led him through an old worn-out piece of clay land of about six acres in extent, in the center of which was a well about thirty feet deep, that at some time had probably furnished the inmates of a dilapidated house near by with water. In passing the spot an ill wind drifted Jack's hat from his head and maliciously wafted it to the edge of the well and it tumbled in. Now Jack had always practiced the virtue of economy, and he immediately set about recovering his hat. He ran to the well, and finding it was dry at the bottom, he uncoiled the rope which he had brought for the purpose of capturing the cow, and after several attempts to catch the hat with a noose, he concluded to save time by going down in the well himself. To accomplish this, he made fast one end of the rope to a stump hard by, and was soon on his way down into the well.

It was a fact of which Jack was less obvious than the reader hereof—that a mischievous fellow, whom we will call Neal Willis, was in the old building and saw Jack go down into the well, and it so happened that Jack's old blind horse was near by with a bell on his neck. The devil himself, or some other wicked spirit, put it into Neal's head to have a little fun, so he slipped up to the old horse, unbuckled the strap and approached the well with the bell in his hand, tingaling. Jack thought the old horse was coming, and said in an audible tone, "Hang the old blind horse, he's comin' this way, sure, and he ain't got no more sense than to fall in here on me—wo, Ball!" But the sound of the bell came closer, and Jack was resting at the bottom of the well. "Great Jerusalem!" said Jack, "the old blind fool will be right on top of me in a minute; wo, Ball—wo haw, Ball." Just then Neal got close to the well and kicked a little dirt on Jack's head. Jack thought that Ball was about to come, got close to the side of the well and began to pray: "Oh Lord, have mercy on—wo, Ball! a poor sinner; I'm gone now; wo, Ball! Our Father, who art in—wo, Ball!—Heaven, hallowed be Thy—jee! Ball, jee! what shall I do?—name. Now I lay me down to sl—jee Ball, out of your livers!" Just then in fell more dirt. "Back, Ball! Oh, Lord, if you ever intend to do anything for me, back, Ball, wo Ball! Thy kingdom come—jee, Ball!—Oh Lord, you know I was baptized in Smith's mill dam—wo, Ball, hol up! murder—wo—farewell worked."

Neal could hold in no longer and showed himself at the top of the well with a big horse laugh, which might have been heard two miles. This was more than Jack could bear, and he started up the rope like a monkey. "Blast your pictures! I'll give you fits. I'll make your ears ring worse 'an that bell!" Neal took to his heels and ran like a quarter horse, and the last that was seen of him he was half a mile from the well, with two big dogs grabbing at his coat and Jack close behind.

EL DORADO

Something about the Land for which Sir Walter Raleigh Sailed—His Orinoco Voyage.

As the sixteenth century began with the fame of the Cabots so it ended with the dreams of Raleigh. It is to be observed that none of these great buccaneers had done anything with a view to colonizing, nor would it have been possible, by armed force, to have held the conquered Spanish towns. Had England only been strong enough for this, South America as well as North America might have spoken the English tongue to-day. But it was the British naval strength only that was established, and after the dispersal of the great Spanish Armada sent by Philip II. against England in 1588 the power of Spain upon the water was forever broken. This opened the way for England to colonize unmolested the northern half of the New World, and the great promoter of this work, Sir Walter Raleigh, was the connecting link between two generations of Englishmen. He was at once the last of the buccaneers and the first of the colonizers.

Raleigh himself had made a voyage guided by a wild dream, as any which in that age of dreams bewildered an explorer. We must remember that though the terrors of the ocean were partly dispelled, their mystery still held their sway over men. Job Hartop, in the region of the Bermudas, describes a merman. We discovered a monster in the sea who showed himself three times unto us from the middle upwards, in which part he was proportional like a man, of the complexion of a mulatto [illegible] we [illegible] and [illegible] disappeared [illegible]

[illegible] tently sought out Sir John Hawkins [illegible] [illegible] a [illegible] island [illegible] of the Ca[illegible] which has [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] that [illegible] Empire [illegible] Guiana.

[illegible] that great American treasure house [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] called [illegible] El Dorado, the gilded [illegible] Spanish [illegible] to have [illegible] from [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] with gold and silver, and his temples adorned with statues of gold [illegible] Milton [illegible] [illegible] El Dorado.

[illegible]

Raleigh [illegible] went up the Orinoco to [illegible] [illegible] Pa[illegible] [illegible] He brought home report of many wonders, including a race called Ewaipanoma, of whom he says that they have their eyes in their shoulders and their mouths in the middle of their breasts, with a long train of hair growing backward between their shoulders. He admits that he never saw them, but says that every child in the province he visited affirmed of their existence. It was of these imaginary beings that Shakespeare describes Othello as discoursing.

The cannibals that each other eat,
The anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.

Raleigh also reports a description he had heard of the inhabitants of his wondrous empire sitting with the emperor at their carousals, their bodies stripped naked and covered with a white balsam, on which powdered gold was blown by servants through hollow canes until they be all shining from the foot to the head, and in this they sit drinking by twenties and hundreds, and continue in drunkenness sometimes six or seven days together.

Raleigh brought home nothing else except that good creature, tobacco, but his descriptions of nature were so beautiful and his treatment of the natives so generous that, in spite of his having a touch of the buccaneer quality about him, we can well accept the phrase that in him chivalry left the land and launched upon the deep. But that which makes his memory dear to later generations is that he beyond any man of his time, saw the vast field open for American colonization, and persistently urged upon Queen Elizabeth to undertake it. "Whatsoever prince shall possess it," he wrote of his fabled Guiana, "shall be greatest, and if the king of Spayne enjoy it, he will become unresistable." Then he closes with this high strain of appeal which might well come with irresistible force from the courtier warrior who had taught the American Indians to call his queen "Ezrabeta Cassipuna Aquerewana," which means, he says, "Elizabeth, the great princess or greatest commander."

PRIZES OF THE HAREM.

How English Girls are Decoyed Into the Seraglios of the East.

It is quite notorious that every harem in the East aims at getting a European inmate, or it, says the *London World*. Year after year girls are reported to be missing from London or Paris or Brussels without any one knowing what has become of them. In a few days they are forgotten. They may have drowned themselves, become reformed or died their usual death. Sometimes the story is that the girl has been decoyed to Belgium, though why Belgium, which is blessed with a plethora of that particular species of frailty, should export girls to its own Newcastle it is not easy to explain. Meantime it is impossible to pass along the streets of London without seeing snaky-eyed Orientals peering into the faces of milliners' girls, and he must be an unobservant traveler who has sailed in a Peninsula and Oriental steamer for Alexandria or Port Said without meeting the same repulsive escorting rosy-cheeked damsels Cairo-ward. The supply is perhaps a little less than it used to be when Ismail Pasha ran special trains for the convenience of his consignment from Europe. But that in Egypt, India, Turkey and the Orient generally every harem of any consequence keeps in its gilded cage one or more frail or foolish Britons is a fact which it is needless trying to deny, though it is humiliating to confess.

These wretched girls are tempted by a life of ease and indolence. They are dazzled by a show of jewels, fine clothes and the gorgeous east, and find too late that they have entered a squalid prison, amid women as heathen as any whom the world can show, and with whom it is impossible to exchange a word to while away the loneliness of a life which has lost its novelty. So long as they keep the favor of their lord they are objects of persecution and plots, when they loose it their lot is unhappy beyond conception. Such stray lambs are seldom sought after, though their relatives they are as much lost as if they had plunged into the sea. The harem rarely surrenders its prisoners, and if it did they are too ashamed to return, poor and disillusioned. Again and again have rumors reached Delhi, of General Wheeler's daughter and other European ladies, being kept in the harems to which they were dragged during the Indian mutiny. But somehow the scent is lost. If there is any truth in the gossip, it is certain that the objects of it are just beyond the chances of recovery, for whoever the harem owner introduces to his guests, he takes care to make an exception in favor of his Feringhees. But if the silly damsel err through ignorance and a love of laziness, what is to be said of women, reasonably well educated, who calmly, to gratify ambition, to mate somebody, or from a vague idea of "the romance of the thing"—sell themselves in cold blood to an Eastern potentate? The unhappy Mrs. Digby, after a varied marital experience, espoused the dirty Bedouin camel driver Miguel of the Mizard. What her opinions were she kept to herself; for, a pariah among her kindred, Lord Ellenborough's quondam bride fell out to all the Christian race. It may be that this hatred is shared by and constitutes their approach to happiness of the weak-faced women who have chosen to be harem Britons.

A STRANGE STORY

A New York Merchant Disappears, and 11 Years Afterwards is Found in Nevada.

The New York correspondent of the Baltimore *American* tells this singular story illustrative of what people will do on the spur of the moment and actuated by a sudden impulse. A merchant sat in his office one day in the year 1868. The weather was very hot, for it was July, and business was dull. Picking up a newspaper, the merchant read of a great discovery of silver ore just made by two miners in the Nevada mountains. He put on his hat, opened the safe and took out a few hundred dollars from a private drawer, and walked on. He was never seen again. His business was left unsecured for unfinished and it was finally wound up by his friends. His clerks entered other establishments, and the man was apparently forgotten. In 1879 one of the clerks was traveling through Nevada, and being in want of [illegible] stop over and examine some noted smelting works, was taken through the building. In one corner he saw a pair of mules going round and round in a ring, turning some kind of simple machinery. A little surprised at this crude contrivance in the midst of steam engines and stamp mills, he paused a moment and noticed an aged, crippled man driving the animals. Something familiar about the man caused him to look again, when he found that the mule-driver was his old employer, the missing merchant. When questioned he stated that the newspaper article about the silver discovery had put it into his head that finding silver was an easier way of getting rich, started for the west intending to write when he had found a silver mine. Up to that time the mine had not been found, and he had become so wretched and despondent that he had gone from bad to worse until mule-driving seemed the only thing he was fit for. This man has recovered from his insanity and is to-day in New York with his family, the clerk having brought him back.

Advertisers for Matrimony

A man or woman who can get married without a [illegible] for a [illegible] not [illegible] at all. Depend upon it all such advertisements originate with knaves or fools [illegible] with [illegible] class [illegible] [illegible] nothing to d

[illegible]

PERSONALITIES.

Something on the Men and Manners of the Hour.

THEIR QUIRKS AND QUAINTNESS.

The Oddities and Eccentricities of the Men Whose Names are Linked with the Nineteenth Century.

[illegible] had the tide which taken [illegible] leads on to fortune.—*Boston* [illegible]

It is reported that Mr. Mahone aspires to the office of president pro tem of the senate after March 4, 1881.

Gen. Butler will deliver an oration on Robert Burns at the poet's forthcoming birthday festival in Boston.

Paul H. Hayne has declined, on account of ill health, to write a poem for the occasion of the Sesqui-Centennial at Savannah.

Mrs. Langtry's brother-in-law, J. H. Langtry, and her sister-in-law, Miss A. J. Langtry, [illegible] by the Catalonia at New York recently.

There was a "Sergeant Bates" in the Massachusetts militia during the revolutionary war, but he didn't carry a flag. He did worse: kept a diary.

In Charles Godfrey Leland's "Gypsies," "mashing" is said to be a word of gypsy origin, *masherava* meaning fascination by the eye or taking in.

Among the Boston *Herald's* self-evident truths we notice that Governor Cleveland of New York is approaching a big pond of very hot water.

Announced by Stilson Hutchins: "The junk industry of Washington is menaced by a proposition to print a greatly reduced number of public documents."

Gath Townsend says he never saw the late William Cullen Bryant but twice. Was this twice two often for the impaired physique of the honored deceased?

The full and fancy name of the new heir to the Swedish crown is Oscar Frederick William Olaf Gustavus Adolphus. His visiting cards are printed in sections.

Some people out west have distinguished themselves by hanging Oscar Wilde in effigy. This young gentleman is amazingly fortunate in obtaining advertisement.

Private Dalzell, wearied by waiting, blurts out in despair: "No private soldier counts for more than a yellow dog in the republican party, and no poor man need apply."

De Witt Talmage quite lately offered to give $1000 for distribution among the poor if any one should prove him guilty of plagiarism. How much will he give if it isn't proved?

Foggy Cabin, once a drayman in Athens, Ga., was seen to knock the bung from a forty-gallon barrel of whisky, lift the same to his lips and take a drink without letting the barrel touch his body.

"Boy" preachers whose ages range anywhere from 30 to 50 years, are in demand since Thomas Harrison's advent. The latest titled recruit is a man named G. K. Little, who is working in Maryland.

And Dorsey is still secretary of the National Republican Committee. Well, why not? Only the judge and nine out of the twelve jurymen decided that he was a thief. That does not convict.—*Boston Post.*

Mr. Joseph Holt, President Buchanan's postmaster-general and afterward secretary of war and judge-advocate-general, lives in strict retirement in Washington. He is a childless widower and is very seldom seen in public.

Prof. A. H. Fetterolf, who has been acting president of Girard college since the death of President William H. Allen, has been elected to the position. He is about 45 years old and has been vice president of the college for a year past.

General Sherman's son, Thomas E. Sherman, who is preparing for the priesthood at Woodstock (Catholic) college, in Maryland, lectured in Baltimore recently on "The Inquisition," his mother and his sister Rachel being among his hearers.

Upon a card hung to the door-bell of Henry Ward Beecher's residence, on New Year's day, was written: "Don't ring, come right in. A happy New Year." He received hundreds of callers, but kept no register, as he has done in former years.

President Arthur was assisted at his New Year's reception in the White house, by three ladies of the cabinet, Mrs. Frelinghuysen, wife of the secretary of state; Mrs. Chandler, wife of the secretary of the navy, and Mrs. Brewster, wife of the attorney-general.

Oscar Wilde remarks, with his peculiar Eastlake emphasis, that "New York is a very good place for one to stop for dinner on one's way from London to Yokohama." The only amendment to the observation is that Oscar requires entirely too much time to dine.

Says a democratic exchange: "Massachusetts has not acted to soon in electing a democrat governor. The present governor has just broken out with a poem. Uncle Benjamin's record is not exactly spotless, but the recording angel can't charge him with rhyme."

Prince Bismarck's last saying in regard to France stewing in her own fires, has been traced back to Louis Philippe's day, when the king, having surrounded the capital with fortifications, the Count Pozzo di Borgo said that "Paris would now fry in its own glory."

While an administration suit was being heard by Mr. Justice Kay in London, the other day, the learned judge took the opportunity to make the following observations: "One of the greatest blots on our system of jurisprudence is the delay caused in administration actions by negligence or ignorance of solicitors."

Commissioner of Pensions Dudley has had another siege of sickness with his wounded leg. His wound was received during the war, and he has been a sufferer from time to time ever since. He is at present very much emaciated, and some days will elapse before he can actually enter upon his official duties.

The home of Robert Toombs is close by the spot of his birth, a Washington, Ga., and he has never lived long elsewhere. "Fifty years ago," he said recently, "I brought my wife to this house a bride, and here we have lived all these years. We have been blessed more than the most, and I thank God for it."

The biggest fool with a gun is probably Mr. Staley, of Marshal, Kan. Having a loaded rifle that he could not discharge, he concluded that it contained a ball but no powder, so he placed the barrel in the fire to melt out the ball, the muzzle being in range with his daughter's ear, which was soon blown off.

Congressman and Mrs. Steele, of Indiana, had a narrow escape from injury on Tuesday, while returning from the funeral of the late Mr. Orth. Soon after leaving York, Pa., some vandal threw a heavy piece of iron at the passing train. It struck the window near where Mr. and Mrs. Steele were sitting, covering them with broken glass.

Mr. Froude, the English historian, appears in a new character as a contributor to the Christmas number of the *Rock*. In a parable or apologue entitled "The Merchant and his Three Sons," he ventilates his well-known ideas about Ireland, and foreshadows the coming of the good time when parliamentary government will be abolished and Irishmen vanish from the world.

When Joshua Hill, of Georgia, was in the United States senate he bought, for $7000, an old field lying in the suburbs of Washington. He thought but little of it, but held it as an investment for his children. The British minister built a fine residence in the quarter in which the land is situated, made it a fashionable district, and Mr. Hill's purchase is now estimated to be worth $250,000.

The memorial to the late Lord Beaconsfield in Hughenden church has been completed. It consists of a window in the western side of the church, an organ and some decorations in the chancel. In addition numerous other tributes to the dead statesman's memory have been placed there, prominent among which are the monument presented by the queen, the east window by Lord Rowton, Sir Nathaniel de Rothschild and Sir Philip Rose, the south window and brass by the undergraduates at Oxford, two bells completing the peal by Robert Warner, and a pair of brass candelabra, by two members of Lord Beaconsfield's household.

New York *Post*: John Greenleaf Whittier, the poet, is tall, straight and slender and his forehead is very high, rising massively into a region of snow white hair. The face and head in appearance are almost Semitic. His religion and his habits are those of the Quakers. The writer of this paragraph remembers hearing Bayard Taylor (with ruddy, rugged face) and William Cullen Bryant (with cheeks still boyish and with an elastic step) saying several years ago that they feared they must soon lose Whittier; but they are no longer with us, while the Quaker poet seems as fresh as the roses that little school girls daily take to their home.

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ance Co
Six Years
TER,
Oregon.

[illegible] was knocked [illegible] yesterday by a party [illegible] beaten and shot to death.

Deserted at Large

Dick Black, one of the [illegible] during the late trouble [illegible]

[illegible] Another Approved Bell [illegible]

Gambetta's Papers.

[illegible] papers [illegible]

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'he Daily O[illegible]

SATURDAY MORNI[illegible]

In the stern month that st[illegible]
Turning the leafy world to
Our thoughts are [illegible]
Waved its farewell [illegible]
When [illegible] through De[illegible]
lay
Did lights fr[illegible] the Great
Heard she Heav[illegible]
We only kn[illegible] George [illegible]

She left earth [illegible]
Mother of noble [illegible]
Friend of true l[illegible]
No wintry winds can [illegible]
Thy leaves wh[illegible]

In days of old she lived a
Her humble low y[illegible]
Men loved the ma[illegible]
And though their love
faint
Not like the [illegible]
It was a pure and [illegible]
And she was one wh[illegible]
And thus at pure the [illegible]
Alas as time went [illegible]
And with men's fav[illegible]
Till sneers and [illegible]
And she was fain [illegible]
At length when left [illegible]
And now his sons and her

VANDERBILT D[illegible]

The Future of Maud[illegible] Time of Aldine

From an interview in
"I was driving Maud [illegible] out when it occurred to [illegible] and show a fast mile [illegible] that view I sent for Bair [illegible] to take her in hand [illegible] tion and drive Lysander [illegible] with her. I knew Clinge[illegible] and I had seen his [illegible] understanding about the [illegible] ing Bair went to work [illegible] bought Early Rose and [illegible] She had never been hook[illegible] once seen that she was g[illegible] a party of friends to Har[illegible] Rose and Lysander go a[illegible] the inside of the track [illegible] on the outside, a mile in [illegible] the day before, and trott[illegible] Shepherd bought her du[illegible] following day Mr Roo[illegible] after a trial with Early [illegible] showed to those presen[illegible] gether as a team. They [illegible] 2:26, the last half mile [illegible] in 31 seconds.

"I then sent word to [illegible] and the next Friday I [illegible] tleman from New York [illegible] mile, and also to see M[illegible] and double with one [illegible] Bair put Maud S with A[illegible] He was afraid, he after[illegible] any faster, as she had n[illegible] ing Saratoga. He drov[illegible] 2:15, and repeated in 2:[illegible] track not having been [illegible] week before, which was [illegible] This was on Wednesda[illegible] at Newport, on that da[illegible] he would show me as [illegible] ever went, but that she [illegible] was afraid to drive her [illegible]

MOSLEM FORM[illegible]

The Gentl[illegible]

The life of a good M[illegible] with forms and cere[illegible] Koran or some such [illegible] his lips, mixing most [illegible]

New [illegible]

From th[illegible]

Mr Mundella has [illegible] tention to the "lavis[illegible] education, and to th[illegible]

Ruskin

Mr Ruskin (who [illegible] ected as the new [illegible] generally accepted [illegible] lectures on art at Oxford duri[illegible] thereby implying his accepta[illegible] title for the series is not yet [illegible] who know Mr Ruskin say th[illegible] definitely chosen until the [illegible] Mr Ruskin is hard to please [illegible] is said that he changed and [illegible] are given some time [illegible] dozen times and only mad[illegible] hours before its delivery

The new Presbyterian church has been furni[illegible] lower the building committee will soon be [illegible]

Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING JANUARY 28

THE STUDY OF ENGLISH

[illegible] of the [illegible] with the English [illegible] in different parts of the country an educator of our acquaintance [illegible] when he discusses the various features of the [illegible] it is with a [illegible] desire of authority. At least we are [illegible] al statements his remarks [illegible] teachers [illegible] English [illegible] institutions [illegible] educated men. American colleges [illegible] the lead of their English and continental examples [illegible] classes of study [illegible] ability in the practical affairs of [illegible]. A study of the classics [illegible] discipline and that with [illegible] college curriculum teaches the student [illegible] study by strengthening and [illegible] his mental faculties. It seems rather strange if not out of place that a man with a [illegible] of liberal education should have to be [illegible] end of his college course to pick up the threads of his neglected [illegible] education which he must have more or less in hand before he begins his active career. We believe it to be a fact that at least half of our college graduates would be as much benefited by a year in some high school or seminary where the English branches are taught thoroughly as by any other line of post-graduate instruction that they could follow. American students are not alone in this. In fact by as much as the English graduate is the superior of the American in classical attainment by so much is he inferior in a knowledge of practical homespun every day branches. It was an English professor, we believe who lamented the fact that his class knew more about a certain small river of Epirus that an athlete could jump across than they knew of the Mississippi. And geography is not their only weak point. Latin and Greek prose are more insisted upon in our colleges than English prose. A man can get through these institutions with credit if he is tolerably well up in his classics, even though he stumble in the syntax and orthography of his own language. The schools of technology are partially a recognition of this defect in our system, but they do not go back quite far enough to cure the whole evil. Let the young men and the young women of the land be prepared to stand an examination of their knowledge of common things before essaying to stand upon the azure heights of learning.

C. W. S.

THE DEVIL

The Devil, one of the most conspicuous and striking figures in history and literature nowadays receives but little attention. "And now," said a celebrated Scotch minister, on one occasion, as he was bringing to a close a fervid prayer which had already occupied some fifty minutes,—"and now, brethren let us pray for the deil—naebody prays for the puir deil." It is a neglect that ought to be remedied.

The views which have been taken on his majesty are various and conflicting. As Milton presents him in "Paradise Lost" for example he is by far the most interesting character in the book, while in "Pilgrim's Progress" he is a monster from head to foot. Heine who loved much to write upon the subject is not always consistent in his portraitures. In one place he exhibits him as a "refined accomplished man" while in another he grows melo-dramatic in the following fashion:

> Mortal, sneer not at the Devil
> Soon thy little life is o'er,
> And eternal grim damnation
> Is no idle tale of yore—

All of which may possibly be correct, but he certainly draws on his imagination too much when he insists, in his famous "Book Le Grand," that the Devil punishes wicked clergymen by forcing them to listen continuously to all the long sermons that were ever preached. That is a refinement of torture which even Beelzebub could hardly have invented.

Poe must have caught his idea of the Devil from the first-mentioned poems of Heine, as witness the cultivated graces of society, which he gives him in his sketches of "Never Bet the Devil Your Head," "Bon Ton" and other little *jeux d'esprit*, while the rougher pen of the Italian writers pictures him with all the repulsive features that the most vivid imagination could depict. There are few things more refreshing, in moments of intense disgust with mankind, than to solace one's self in the pages of the *Inferno* with the sweet thought of what they are all coming to.

But leaving literature to the "folk-lore" of the Devil, we find a field great enough to tax the resources even of Max Muller. In the earlier races there was no idea of a distinct evil spirit, the deities filling the want by being as frequently bad as good. The Persians were the first so far as trace can be found to set up a distinct Devil, in the person of Ahriman, who was almost, if not quite, as powerful as the good deity Ormuzd. The Hebrews themselves in their earlier history and literature had no idea of an individual Devil, and even as late as the book of Job made Satan a dependent spirit as much in the actual service of God as any of the other angels. Their later idea of an individual Devil antagonistic to the Deity and His works was obtained during the captivity, and came undoubtedly from the Persians and Chaldeans. He continued to be, however, quite a respectable chap barring his malevolence, until the monkish imagination of the middle ages pictured him with "black complexion, flaming eyes, sulphurous odor, horns, tail, hooked nails, and cloven hoofs."

After all, this variety of opinion is not difficult to understand if we accept the idea that the Devil lives nowhere save within ourselves and varies according to the idiosyncracies of each.

The advocates of the Baconian theory of the authorship of Shakspeare have received [illegible] agreement in the alleged discovery of a manuscript commonplace book in the Harleian collection which had been used by Bacon, the quotations in which are not found in any of Bacon's works but are all found in Shakspeare. So far from this proving the Baconian authorship of the works of the great dramatist it must have the very opposite effect as men are not in the habit of making scrap-book collections of their own writings. Bacon was a playgoer in his time, and therefore must have been familiar with the works of Shakspeare as they were presented at the theater and being struck with the wonderful genius they indicated he would naturally seek to preserve them in convenient and accessible form for reference. We are in no more danger of losing the great author than we are of being dispossessed of his immortal works.

It is said that the Gothamites pay $7,000,000 a year for religion and $22,000,000 for drinks. Alabamians according to their state auditor's report, have $305,613 invested in mechanical tools and farming implements and $351,247 in guns, pistols and dirks.

"How much Mr Gill" asked a lady yesterday "for a book of this size?"

AN INTEL[illegible]

[illegible] 17th [illegible] Sam [illegible] Edward [illegible] Hay [illegible] Rolly [illegible] of the [illegible] Seattle [illegible] January [illegible] which the whole mystery is revealed. Listen that you may be come wise.

In digging a well on his place in the [illegible] and View tract Boyle Heights last Thursday John Sutcliff the foundryman, found a number of clams at a depth of 42 feet.

This explains the whole thing to us. Time is money at Los Angeles as well as anywhere else and a man who can get clams at a depth of ten to fourteen inches as on the beach at Tacoma or Olympia is not going to live very long in a place where he has to dig forty two feet for them. We have not the pleasure of Mr Sutcliffe's acquaintance but we believe the foregoing story just as if we had seen it. If the Puget Sounders had remained there we might have doubted it, but as they have all come home, there is no longer room for question. Mr Sutcliffe is fond of clams and hence he kept going for them. Besides he is probably a religious man and believes in the old maxim "Never grow weary in well doing."

Ancient history is replete with allusions to this luscious bivalve. We are told in Caesar's commentaries that Pompey clam et [illegible] which we were given to understand that the old chap was in the habit of dropping into the engine house for his mess of chowder every Saturday night, before the Romans introduced a paid fire department. Venus was also born in an oyster bed near Cythera (this word is Latin for Shoalwater Bay), and her humorous disposition is most satisfactorily accounted for. And when they speak of the Olympian games there is not the slightest doubt but they always wound up with a clambake. If anybody doubts this let them read the writings of Lucullus who was an austere man if not an oyster man. The old buffer was fond of his chowder, and never failed to set up the beer for the boys on election day. In these banquets he never overlooked the festive clam. Hence we predict that Los Angeles will stand still, while the Puget Sound country grows and advances. There can be no future for a country where men have to sink shafts and winzes with "dips angles and spurs" to a depth of forty two feet before they can get clams enough for a bowl of family soup.

Father Ryan, the poet-priest of the south recently delivered a lecture in Boston on "The decline in the political and material order of Catholic nations, and the ascendancy in the same order of Protestant nations." The *Morning Star*, a Catholic newspaper of New Orleans took him to task for hinting at the decline of the church. He thus explains: "To the nameless writer I say that I did not consult a single Protestant author. My authorities are Cardinals Manning, Newman, Monseigneur Mermillod, and especially a very remarkable work in French, written years ago by Abbe Martin a very distinguished priest, on 'The Future of Catholicity and Protestantism' and especially praised by Monseigneur Mermillod which work I am myself translating into English. The decline of any Catholic nation or all of them in the political material order, by no means means the spiritual decline of the church. Only a superficial mind confounds two things eternally separate. That the material and political power of the Catholic church has been declining for a long time is evident to any one who is not too blind to see facts or too dull to realize them. But this does not mean the spiritual decline of the Catholic church."

In an editorial article headed, "Theologians Waking Up" the Hartford *Times* compares the Rev Henry Ward Beecher the Rev Lyman Abbott the Rev Dr Newman Smyth and the Rev Dr Henry W Thomas, and says: "Dr Thomas is perhaps the most outspoken man of the number. His paper is directed to those preachers in our modern churches who see and recognize the truth or a part of it and feel that they are not preaching it, yet who do not feel quite courageous enough to proclaim what they, at heart see and feel. There is no great need of such utterances as his. To make such quotations from his plain dealing paper as the limitations of a newspaper article require would be to give but a fragmentary and inadequate idea of the full strong utterance. It all indicates that there is, indeed, a movement of the waters and that the pulpit (whether it admits it or not), feels it as plainly as anything or anybody else."

M Pasteur the great French authority proposes to prevent hydrophobia in dogs by inoculating the well dogs with the virus of one who is mad. The project is pleasing to contemplate. If the distinguished Frenchman will visit this coast bringing [illegible] or four mad dogs with him to furnish the necessary virus he shall have [illegible] assistance in getting a commission to inoculate every dog [illegible] in the land. [illegible] would suggest however that [illegible] be inoculated first.

"I cannot tell you" says a Portland lady visiting in San Francisco and writing home "how the signs interest me. Last week I saw Seattle coal in big letters on a warehouse, and it almost made me homesick. Yesterday down near the ferry landing I passed a doorway with Oregon Railway & Navigation Company's Office above the door and I felt as if I had found an old friend but to-day in passing Lone Mountain I read St Jacobs Oil on the fence and I wept."

A Boston merchant advertised for "saleswoman" and had only two applications, one from a half blind woman of 60 and the other from a girl of 14 who proved a giddy one a day and that he discharged her at night. The next morning a new advertisement appeared calling for "saleswomen," and before 9 o'clock there was such a rush that he had to put out a sign "Positions all Filled" before the business could proceed.

How would it work for those states that are petitioning congress to prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors in the District of Columbia to send temperance men to congress? We merely suggest this.

SOME NEW BOOKS.

[illegible] Hage[illegible] the [illegible] Mr Bancroft [illegible] the ord[illegible] of his [illegible] American historians in quest[illegible] which [illegible] case of any consequence we [illegible] has [illegible] The intentions of Mr Bancroft in this revision and the principles by which he has been directed are clearly set forth in his preface. In this last revision he writes: "[illegible] post to some perfect accuracy in the relation of facts even to their details and their coloring, and to keep truth clear from the clouds however brilliant of conjecture and tradition. No well founded criticism that has been seen whether made here or abroad with a good will or a bad one has been neglected. The next aim is lucidity in the ordering of the narrative so that the reader may follow the changes of public affairs in their connection and with every page be carried forward in the story. There is no end to the difficulty in choosing language which will awaken in the reader the same thought that was in the mind of the writer. In the form of expression many revisions are hardly enough to assure strict correctness and propriety. Repetitions and redundancies have been removed; greater precision has been sought for, the fitter word that offered itself accepted, and, without the surrender of the right of history to pronounce its opinion care has been taken never unduly to forestall the judgment of the reader, but to leave events as they sweep onward to speak for themselves." This new edition of Mr Bancroft's History of the United States will comprise the entire original work which was in twelve volumes in octavo, but in half the same number of volumes necessarily in smaller type and a more crowded but not too crowded page. The design having been to make the work a fine specimen of book making and a popular edition as well. It will be published in six volumes at intervals of four months each, and at half the price of the original edition. In other words, at a price which will place it within the reach of all readers and would be readers of American history.

A very readable and instructive book is the "Personal Reminiscences" of Capt. Robert B. Forbes, of which a second edition is just published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. In the good old days when the *personnel* of the American merchant marine was of the finest in the world and when ships sailing under the American flag whitened every sea, Capt. R. B. Forbes was one of the foremost men of his generation. Serving first before the mast, after the manner of many another New England gentleman's son, he rose to be the commander of a fine ship before he had reached the age of 21. The adventurous business of the times led him into distant seas and he had made the acquaintance of many foreign lands when he arrived at his majority. The career of Capt. Forbes as shipmaster merchant and pioneer in commerce was long, honorable and prosperous. The commercial enterprises in which he was engaged led him by turns to South America, the Sandwich Islands and China with occasional diversions into the more familiar countries of Europe. Obviously, the story of the life of an active business man who was in and was a part of "the opium war" and who lived to be one of the leaders in the great movement in the north which followed the firing on Fort Sumter must be a tale worth the telling. And when it is added that the subject of this entertaining biography relates his own adventures the interest felt in his narrative is greatly increased. The autobiography of an honest minded and sincere man cannot well be dull reading.

One of the most interesting incidents in the life of Capt Forbes, and in which he says he takes an honest pride was in his voyage from Boston to Cork, in the United States frigate Jamestown loaded with supplies for starving Ireland. Congress granted the use of two men-of-war, the Jamestown and the Macedonian the first named being commanded by Capt Forbes and the other by Capt George DeKay, United States navy. The Jamestown was loaded at Boston by volunteer laborers. "The work very appropriately began on Saint Patrick's Day in the morning." This was during the Mexican war in 1847. The cargo, consisting of 800 tons of provisions was contributed chiefly by the people of New England. The unarmed war ship [illegible], from her main truck a white flag bearing an olive branch sailed from Boston with [illegible] and arrived in Cork harbor after a passage of fifteen days and three hours. Capt Forbes discharged his ship amid the blessings of the starving poor and then returned with his ship to the United States to find that the Macedonian, which was to have loaded at New York was not yet full and that the good work languished from various causes. It was largely to his efforts seconded by the Boston committee that the vessel was finally dispatched. It is worth while to recall the fact that the New England committee collected and forwarded contributions to the amount of $151,006. Of this handsome sum the Jamestown took $40,038.80, the Macedonian $2[illegible] 819.94 and the remainder was distributed among various merchant vessels. The whole business was admirably managed and may well be regarded with pride by every son of the republic.

Of course it is not all that is strange; from [illegible] the pen [illegible] this is the tale of [illegible] adventure. [illegible] the autobiographer [illegible] tive life and left [illegible] his career [illegible] importance [illegible] which the world would like to hear. He is a rare [illegible] man who holds a true perspective [illegible] his life [illegible] Capt Forbes [illegible] But [illegible] the [illegible] But a man who can tell so well as this author the tale of an active and well spent life a life crowded with [illegible] and picturesque adventure will always be sure of an attentive audience. [illegible] the young men of our republic who would learn something of the glory and romance of American commerce of the olden days and who would search in the lives of men useful in [illegible] for an inspiration of the real secret of success this simple, tender and thoroughly [illegible] autobiography is cordially commended.

LITERARY NOTES.

Renan will shortly [illegible] volume of Souvenirs, the autobiographical papers that he has been contributing to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

M Victor Hugo's "Torquemada" has been translated into German with the consent of the poet and will be represented as a drama at the Carl Theater in Vienna.

The [illegible] papers on historical subjects contributed to various reviews by the late Jules Quicherat are to be collected in four volumes [illegible] the present year.

Dr F Max Muller's series of lectures upon "India what it can teach us" which have been delivered before the students of the university of Cambridge, will be revised and published shortly in book form.

M. Leroy Beaulieu the political economist will appear shortly as the editor of a volume

[illegible] W[illegible] [illegible] General Albert [illegible] [illegible] volume [illegible] this book. It was [illegible] of the [illegible] who have taken the [illegible] pages. General [illegible] is translating from the [illegible] books of the [illegible]

Dr. Holmes writes [illegible] How [illegible] Dr Oliver Wendell [illegible] Whittier says [illegible]

L[illegible] Magazine for January contains a clever travesty of the recent Bell trial in the shape of a lyric drama in which Pygmalion, Galatea and a Ghost are the leading characters. The scene is laid in Pygmalion's studio when the sculptor in sumptuous costume striking a graceful attitude is discovered burning incense on an altar at the foot of a statue and praying to Venus. To him rises through a trap a Ghost stained with clay in sordid dress with a [illegible] press, imploring the statue to live and breathe not for Pygmalion but for him her real maker. Aphrodite immediately imparts life to the statue. Pygmalion kneels to declare his love, when the Ghost rudely pushes him aside to sing "Believe him not celestial apparition, I made thee." He goes on until [illegible] the commission. Each then defends himself but the Ghost soon puts himself in to a hole by declaring that he can make lots of such statues. Pygmalion more diplomatic, avows that he could model none but Galatea. Whereupon she sings:

> Then thine am I. That any one Ghost
> Could fashion so says he,
> A troop of girls a perfect host
> That might compete with me!
> But thou, my sculptor thou mine own
> Hast no such cursed art!
> And I will be thy bride alone—
> All thine this eager heart!

Whereupon they embrace while the Ghost makes his exit swearing in Greek, Etruscan and Hittit.

DIED

In this city Jan [illegible] at 3 A M Patrick Hogan aged [illegible]

Funeral will take place at [illegible] M to-day from his residence Seventh and [illegible] streets. Friends of the family invited to attend.

NEW TO-DAY.

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Musical Culture and taste in America is rapidly increasing and this creates a demand for musical instruments which has exceeded all precedent. **Pianos and Organs** are now sold at extremely low rates and these [illegible] [illegible] but present prices will not rule again in the next decade. **Important facts for all who intend purchasing pianos and organs:** Receiving [illegible] weekly from all the leading piano and organ manufacturers, we are prepared to give positive and reliable information as to the state of the market and probable ruling prices for the next year. We now state for the benefit of our patrons that there is a boom in piano and organ trade which in our judgment will carry prices higher within a very short time. The present demand is far greater than the supply and instruments are actually scarce. The factories are running at their full capacity day and night and yet nearly all makers are hundreds behind orders. Makers purchase instruments among their [illegible] and will [illegible] general advance in wholesale and retail prices [illegible] in a short time is almost a certainty, while a decrease in price is an impossibility. We advise all who propose purchasing within the next two or three months to buy at once if it be possible. **Delays are dangerous.** Anticipating a heavy trade we have made unusually large contracts by which we hope to be able to supply our trade promptly. Prices will not be advanced by us if it can be avoided but present low rates cannot be guaranteed for over thirty days. Send for our January price list. **MINDERHOUT & CO.**

BOARD AND ROOM WANTED

BY MAN AND WIFE. FURNISHED OR UNfurnished room. Apply to [illegible] this office, immediately. [illegible]

WANTED TWO LADY AND ONE GENTLEMAN canvassers. Salary to competent parties. Call or address Room [illegible] Arlington Hotel. [illegible]

WANTED A SITUATION TO DO CHAMBER work or dining room work in hotel or restaurant by a middle aged lady. Address E. M., this office. [illegible]

FOR SALE

BLOCK FOURTEEN PROPERTY, IN LOTS AT prices that defy competition. Also good business lot in Albina for $[illegible]80, now paying [illegible] per cent.

HILL, PITTENGER & CURTIS,
Office in Albina and Portland.

TO CARPENTERS, PLASTERERS AND PAINTERS.

BIDS WILL BE RECEIVED AT MY OFFICE on [illegible] Thursday February [illegible] at [illegible] P. M. for carpenters, plasterers and painters' work on several residences. JOS SHERWIN, Architect, Room [illegible] Union Block.

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New Restaurant and Coffee Saloon,

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WILL OPEN ON OR ABOUT FEBRUARY [illegible]. It will be [illegible] up [illegible] first-class style on the [illegible] system at reasonable prices. Private [illegible]

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We have decided to [illegible] the prices of School Books at prices below any former rates in this city, and quite as low as any house on this coast can offer. Teachers, pupils and dealers are respectfully informed of our reduced prices to take effect from this date.

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SKATING EVERY

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Special Attractions Saturday Evenings.

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NEW MARKET THEATER.

WALTERS [illegible] Manager

Grand Sacred Concert, Sunday Ev'g, 28th.

VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL

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Dressed and Undressed Pickets, Laths, Shingles, etc.

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[illegible] Cedar and Moldings always on hand.

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Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the Shoulder blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache generally over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, highly colored Urine, and

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TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.

They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25 cents. 35 Murray St., N. Y.

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Just below Star[illegible]

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KENNETH MACKENZIE, M.D.,
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RESIDENCE—At Donald Macleay's, Thirteenth and Yamhill streets.

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400 ACRES ON WEST BANK OF WILLAMette, half mile frontage on river [illegible] miles north of Portland. On easy terms. For [illegible] days only. BURROWS, WEEKS & OLIVER, [illegible] Washington st., Portland.

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ENERGETIC SOLICITING AGENTS CAN OBtain remunerative employment at [illegible] street office of The Wheeler & Wilson Mfg Co.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

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THE COPARTNERSHIP HERETOFORE EXisting between the undersigned under the firm name of Chalmers, Holmes & Ballantyne has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. All claims against the firm are to be presented before February [illegible] [illegible] at the First National Bank of Portland.

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WANTED--EMPLOYMENT.

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WANTED A SITUATION BY A MARRIED man [illegible] References given [illegible]

WANTED A SITUATION BY A YOUNG MAN [illegible] has had [illegible] experience [illegible] steady position [illegible] only. First class references given. Please address [illegible]

WANTED A SITUATION TO DO GENERAL housework in a private family by a young lady who is a good cook. No washing. Apply at [illegible]

A PRACTICAL DRUGGIST OF EXPERIENCE wishes situation [illegible] Los Angeles county, Cal.

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WANTED A GIRL TO DO GENERAL HOUSEwork [illegible] family. Apply at [illegible]

WANTED [illegible]

WANTED A GIRL TO DO GENERAL HOUSEwork [illegible]

WANTED [illegible] D R Barman [illegible] East Portland.

[illegible] WALL HOUSE [illegible]

Fire! Fire!

$35,000

Damaged Goo[illegible]

By smoke and fire at last week's fire, having been [illegible] Fleischner, Mayer & Co. at an enormous discount, [illegible] same at

PANIC PRIC[illegible]

Values [illegible]

Array of prices given to astonish anyone [illegible] in Dry Goods.

Goods Sold Regardless [illegible]

Sale commences Monday, January 29, at 9 A. M.

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YACHT [illegible]

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Madison Street, bet. Third an[illegible]

Sunday [illegible]

SUNDAY MORN[illegible]

Entered at the Posto[illegible]

BY MAIL POSTA[illegible]
Daily per month
Daily with Sunday Or[illegible]
Daily per year
Daily with Sunday Or[illegible]
Sunday Oregonian [illegible]
Sunday and Weekly [illegible]
The Weekly Oregoni[illegible]
Daily per week deliv[illegible]
Daily per week deliv[illegible]

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Is for sale at the fo[illegible]
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Staples Fourth and
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Browning's 52 Mor[illegible]
Burkheimer's 187 [illegible]
Blodgett's 123 First
Lemaine's First an[illegible]
Titters First and [illegible]
Chanhomme's Firs[illegible]
Stearns 63 First.
S. I. Stone's, First [illegible]
Chas Korell First [illegible]
Geo Taylor's First
Cigar Store N W C[illegible]
Winter 282 First.
Mrs Carroll First, [illegible]
Dunbar Stark bet [illegible]
H Warren, Fourth, [illegible]
And at the counting [illegible]
Front and Stark

IN AND AB[illegible]

There is talk of a b[illegible]

The coasting schoo[illegible] river yesterday.

Steamboats are [illegible] without interruptio[illegible]

J. L. Wilson, rec[illegible] Colfax W. T., is in [illegible]

Chas B Hopkins, [illegible] is visiting frie[illegible]

The trial of Jack [illegible] for murder at Chele[illegible]

The steamer Mist [illegible] and, discharging he[illegible]

Hugh Fitzgerald, [illegible] $5 by Justice White.

A. A. Newbury, a [illegible] eastern Washington [illegible]

Yesterday Frank [illegible] intelligence of the [illegible] mark

Vagrants are bein[illegible] sons as one after [illegible] locked up by the poli[illegible]

Rev. G. J. Bu[illegible] ist church, will [illegible] Oregon City this [illegible]

The sale of [illegible] Market, this evenin[illegible] of W. Moss, has be[illegible]

Hon C. A. Sch[illegible] ment yesterday in [illegible] the Oregon en route [illegible]

The opening [illegible] Leonard Grover's [illegible] was yesterday postp[illegible] ning.

It is reported [illegible] young chicken [illegible] county jail a week [illegible] ty of Clifton.

A Pendleton [illegible] arrested for [illegible] pleaded guilty [illegible] terday, and was [illegible]

The many friends [illegible] will be pleased [illegible] covering from the [illegible] accident of a [illegible]

Ten prisoners [illegible] jail yesterday [illegible] reduced the number [illegible] (till about 80 [illegible]

There are no [illegible] aurora. The [illegible] nature of [illegible] disbandment of [illegible]

A private [illegible] Rev. W. G. [illegible] M. E. [illegible] sion of his [illegible] his family.

The [illegible] rived [illegible] morning [illegible] place from [illegible] row [illegible]

Among the [illegible] Oregon is [illegible] charge of the Indian [illegible] the goes to [illegible] of [illegible]

C. [illegible] county [illegible] is regarded [illegible]

The funeral [illegible] which took place [illegible] Friday, [illegible] the fact [illegible] mains of [illegible] double [illegible] sympathy of friends.

Martha Washin[illegible] of Liberty, hel[illegible] dance last evening [illegible] was a very large [illegible] quite crowded. [illegible] Circle will give [illegible] tickets for which [illegible]

Last Thursday [illegible] mania lodge No. 12 [illegible] bering about 60, mad[illegible] nic lodge No. 2, of th[illegible] hall. After the regul[illegible] were finished the [illegible] spent in pleasant [illegible] joyed the visit so [illegible]

NEW TEACHER [illegible]

Mrs. N. E. Swope, [illegible] vacancy in the [illegible] caused by the [illegible] Swope who has been [illegible] grade during the [illegible] tral school render[illegible] necessary for the [illegible] Maxwell has been [illegible] sixth grade.

ARRIVAL [illegible]

The steamship Que[illegible] about 8 o'clock yeste[illegible] obliged to come to [illegible] ing below Walker's [illegible] and when the fog [illegible] proceed on account [illegible] The steamship Mis[illegible] near by was able to [illegible] the fog lifted as she w[illegible]

CALVES AND RO[illegible]

Sheriff Martin of [illegible] brought down one [illegible] the penitentiary for [illegible] calves. The prisoner [illegible] jail til the train left [illegible] the pleasure of being [illegible] Chung, who was bound [illegible] to carry the same time [illegible] race from the Morris[illegible] often travel in the [illegible]

CONTR[illegible]

The committee on [illegible] yesterday contracte[illegible] gas works to supply [illegible] at $12 each. They als[illegible] Robinson for lightin[illegible] the rate of $1 10 per [illegible] each burners $1 50 fo[illegible] $2 for one and one-hal[illegible] as the price of iron [illegible] the cost of lamp post[illegible]

FIRE

About 2 o'clock yes[illegible] phone call was sent t[illegible] the Orphans' Home, [illegible] The boys turned out [illegible] joined by the Hooks, [illegible] out on G street they [illegible] ger the alarm having [illegible] ing chimney. About [illegible] turned out the big [illegible] creating some inquir[illegible] was due to repairs be[illegible] cian.

WILL OF [illegible]

A petition for the [illegible] and the will of the la[illegible]

Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING JANUARY [illegible]

Entered at the Postoffice at Portland [illegible]

SUBSCRIPTION RATES [illegible]

Daily [illegible]
Daily with Sunday [illegible]
Daily per [illegible]
Daily with Sunday [illegible]
Sunday Oregonian [illegible]
Sunday and Weekly [illegible]
The Weekly Oregonian [illegible]
Daily per week [illegible]
Daily per week delivered [illegible]

THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN

Is for sale at the following places:

Postoffice [illegible]
Staples, Fourth and [illegible]
Mrs Atkinson's, Third [illegible]
Brownings, 25 Morrison
Durkheimer's, 131 First
Blodgett's, 26 First
Lemline's, First and [illegible]
Potters, First and Washington
Chanhommes, First near Oak
Stearns, 65 First
S L Stone's, First and Ash
Chas Kerell, First and [illegible]
Geo Taylor's, First near [illegible]
Cigar Store, N W Cor First and Salmon
Winter, 82 First
Mrs Carroll, First [illegible]
Dunbar, Stark bet First and [illegible]
E Warren, Fourth bet [illegible]
And at the counting room [illegible] Front and Stark

IN AND ABOUT PORTLAND.

There is talk of a bank at East Portland.

The coast [illegible] Alpha went down the river yesterday.

Steamboats are [illegible] running to Vancouver without interruption.

J L Wilson, receiver of the land office at Colfax, W T, is in the city.

Chas B Hopkins, editor of the *Pilot*, [illegible], is visiting friends in this city.

The trial of Jack V[illegible] under indictment for murder at Chehalis, begins to-morrow.

The steamer Mississippi is lying at Swan island discharging her cargo of coal [illegible].

Hugh Fitzgerald, a saloon keeper, was fined $5 by Justice White for selling liquor to boys.

L A Newbury, a well known stage man of eastern Washington, is a guest at the Esmond.

Yesterday Frank M Cohn received the sad intelligence of the death of his mother in Denmark.

Vagrants are becoming gradually less numerous, as one after another of their number are locked up by the police.

Rev G J Burchett, of East Portland Baptist church, will assist in revival services at Oregon City this week.

The sale of tickets for the concert at New Market, this evening, under the management of W Moss, has been very large.

Hon C A Seward, having made his argument yesterday in the injunction suit, left on the Oregon en route to his home in New York.

The opening night of "My Son-in-law," Leonard Grover's new and popular comedy, was yesterday postponed until to-morrow evening.

It is reported that Martin Smallien, the young chicken thief, who escaped from the county jail a week ago, is hiding in the vicinity of Clifton.

A Pendleton tradesman named Engleman, arrested for selling tobacco without license, pleaded guilty in the U S district court yesterday, and was fined $10.

The many friends of Miss Lizzie Anderson will be pleased to know that she is rapidly recovering from the injuries she received in the accident of a few days since.

Ten prisoners were released from the county jail yesterday, having served their time. This reduced the number perceptibly, but there are still about 50 within the walls.

There are no services held in the church at Aurora. The breaking up of the community feature of the colony appears to have been the abandonment of the church also.

A private letter received in this city from Rev. W G Simpson, formerly pastor of the M E church of East Portland, gives information of his continued good health and that of his family.

The two sons of the late Patrick Hogan arrived from California on the Queen yesterday morning. Their father's funeral will take place from the Cathedral at 9 o'clock to-morrow morning.

Among the passengers in the outgoing steamer Oregon is Mrs M L Buck, lately matron in charge of the Indian school at Forest Grove. She goes to southern California for the benefit of her failing health.

C. T Voorhees, son of Senator Dan W Voorhees and prosecuting attorney of Whitman county, W T, returned by the Queen from a three months visit to friends in the east, and is registered at the Esmond.

IMPRESSIVE BURIAL

The funeral services of Mrs. Janeatta Barron, which took place at St Stephen's chapel last Friday, were unusually impressive owing to the fact that the same casket contained the remains of mother and infant child. Such a double bereavement calls forth the warmest sympathy of friends.

SOCIAL DANCE

Martha Washington Circle No 1, Daughters of Liberty, held their regular monthly social dance last evening, at A O U W hall. There was a very large attendance, the hall being quite crowded. On the 22d of February this Circle will give a grand ball at Turn halle, tickets for which are now out.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS SOCIAL

Last Thursday night the members of Germania lodge No 13, Knights of Pythias, numbering about 50, made a fraternal visit to Mystic lodge No 2, of the same order, at Mystic hall. After the regular exercises of the lodge were finished the remainder of the evening was spent in pleasant social intercourse, and all enjoyed the visit so unexpectedly made.

NEW TEACHERS AT FAILING SCHOOL

Mrs. N E. Swope has been elected to fill the vacancy in the staff of the Failing school caused by the resignation of Miss Belle A. Swope, who has been teaching in the seventh grade during the past term. The growth of that school rendering an additional teacher necessary for the next term, Miss Lo[illegible] Maxwell has been elected to a position in the sixth grade.

ARRIVAL OF THE QUEEN

The steamship Queen of the Pacific arrived about 8 o'clock yesterday morning. She was obliged to come to anchor on Friday evening below Walker's island on account of fog, and when the fog cleared away was unable to proceed on account of the state of the tide. The steamship Mississippi, which anchored near by, was able to resume her voyage when the fog lifted, as she was drawing less water.

CALVES AND [illegible] THE SAME

Sheriff Martin of Umatilla county went [illegible] brought down one Clarke, sentenced to the penitentiary for one year for stealing calves. The prisoner was lodged in the county jail till the train left for Salem, when he had the pleasure of being joined by John Chung. Chung, who was bound for the same destination, to tarry the same time for stealing ten [illegible] from the Morrison street wharf. [illegible] often travel in the same [illegible].

CONTRACTS LET

The committee on streets and public property yesterday contracted with the Willamette Iron works to supply the city with lamp posts at $12 each. They also contracted with T. J. Robinson for lighting the oil street lamps at the rate of $1.10 per month for three-fourths inch burners, $1.50 for one inch burners, and [illegible] for one and one-half inch burners. The rise in the price of iron has caused an advance in the cost of lamp posts.

FIRE ALARM

About 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon a telephone call was sent to No. One's house from the Orphans' Home, saying a fire was raging. The boys turned out in good style, and were closely followed by the Hooks, but when about half way out on G street they were stopped by a messenger, the alarm having been caused by a burning chimney. About the time the engines turned out, the big bell struck several times, creating some inquiry on the streets, but this was due to repairs being made by the electrician.

WILL OF P. HOGAN FILED

A petition for the appointment of executors and the will of the late Patrick Hogan were [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] city [illegible] remarkable performance. [illegible] with [illegible] government [illegible] they can [illegible] arrangements [illegible] the wording of the [illegible].

[illegible] of Mr. [illegible] the occasion being the fifteenth anniversary of that event. A very pleasant time was had by all. Among those present were the Mesdames Sounter and Regan and the Misses Aggie and Fanny Hanly, Dellie and Sophia Martin, Cora Parsons, Kate Brack, Laura Hall, Kate and Mary Wiggand, Lillie Shively, Mattie Downing, Susie Vest, Mollie Mall and Mallie Ray. Gentlemen: Fred Martin, J. Ma[illegible]liff, R. Milwain, F. Booth, G. Sitton, J. G. Durner, L. J. Sollerlin, Geo. Knox, J. Smith, P. Corlin, J. Tolherow, J. Forbes, C. Clough, H. Humphrey, W. Martell, A. Frindle, W. Hodson, A. B. Manly, F. Jacobs, J. Barr, W. J. Kearney, W. J. O'Regan, W. [illegible], J. Miller, Frank Spencer.

FUNERAL OF COL. E. D. BAKER

The burial of the remains of Col. E. D. Baker took place at Vancouver barracks on Friday last. In the absence of General Miles, Adjutant General Greene took charge of the funeral ceremonies. The officers of the Department of the Columbia assembled at the late residence of the deceased and composed the guard of honor to the remains. The pall bearers were the chief clerks of the different departments at headquarters. The 21st infantry and Battery E 1st artillery, under the command of Major Boyle, assembled on the parade grounds and, headed by the band, with arms reversed and banners furled, marched to the residence. The body was then taken under escort to the Episcopal church, where the funeral service was held. Thence the cortege took its way to the cemetery, where the body of Col. Baker was placed beneath the sod with military honors. The usual salute at the grave was fired, the last word uttered, and weeping friends turned sadly away from the grave that held the manly form cold in death. One Edward Baker sleeps at Lone Mountain, the second Edward in the cemetery at Vancouver garrison—father and son re-united beyond the snowy range.

ALL ABOUT THE CANARY

The interest felt in the great injunction case of Wells, Fargo & Co. is equaled by that excited by the celebrated canary bird case, which has occupied the attention of the police court for several days past. The matter came up again yesterday to allow the attorneys to introduce further authorities. Mr. Morrison for the defense brought in a back load of books, stating at the same time that he would have brought more if he could have carried them. He first presented authorities to prove that there could be no larceny in taking a canary, it being a wild animal. The taking of wild animals when reclaimed, if fit for food, might be made cause for a civil action, but bears, coons, skunks and singing birds could not be included in this list. That fiery untamed beast, the honey bee, was an exception, as although unfit for food it produced a rather luscious article of muck-a-muck. Oysters if tamed so as to return to their roosts at night, would probably be reckoned in. The reading of these authorities was listened to with much interest. Counsellor James Gleason, although somewhat dazed by the solid chunks of wisdom from Wharton, Blackstone and other writers of great renown, essayed to controvert every statement made by the opposing counsel, and if he succeeded in muddling the judge's ideas as well as he did in dumbfounding the half dozen reporters present, a decision may be reached about the time the next democratic president is inaugurated. The judge, however, decided that the canary bird belonged to Mrs. Cornwall and the cage to Fay Cushing, and this distribution was made. The public anxiously await the final ruling of the court.

CONCORDIA BALL

The dress ball given last evening at Turn Halle by the members of the Concordia club was a very recherche affair. The dresses of the ladies were rich and elegant, displaying the best of taste. The music furnished for the occasion was first class, given as it was by a band of nine pieces, including Profs. Bray and Navorri, Burgess on the cornet and Oechsele on the flute. Among those present were Mr and Mrs Ben Selling, Mrs P. Wasserman, Mr and Mrs Lachman, Mr and Mrs E Stoltz, Mrs S. Baum, Mr and Mrs I. Levy, Mr and Mrs J. Halberstadt, Mr and Mrs W. Baum, Mr. and Mrs R. Goldsmith, Mrs J. Fleischner, Miss Schlussel, of Astoria, Miss Sadie Lewis, of San Francisco, Miss Gertie Oppenheimer, Miss Amelia Kohn, Miss Durkheimer, Miss Emma Durkheimer, Miss F. Harris, Miss Celia Friendly, the Misses Kahn, Miss Henrietta Waldman, Miss Sarah Lyon, the Misses Loeb, the Misses Fried, Miss Sarah Beck, the Misses Meyer, Miss Illumauer, Miss Samuels of Jackson, Cal., Miss Clara Stock, Miss Mendelssohn, Miss E. Levy, Miss Rosa Brenner, Edward Ackerman, W. J. Walter, Aaron Harris, L. Thannhauser, Mr Mann, J. Selling, S. Selling, A. Bernheim, Ed. Bernheim, J. H. Brenner, Chas. Newman, Isadore Manheim, Ben Neustadter, Sol Oppenheimer, Jos. Lichtmann, A. Rosenthal, Henry Ach, Aug. Oberdorfer, Mark A. Mayer, Leo Fried, Herman Thannhauser, F. Meyer, Abe Hexter, Mol Regensburger, Henry Dittenhofer, Martin L. Cohn, Wm Loeb of Astoria, Julius Goldsmith, Mark C. Lewis, F. Bernstein, Nathan Schlussel of Astoria, S. Cohn, S. Friedenthal, D. Levy, M. Stoltz, Max Fleischner, P. Lowman, M. Bowman, J. W. Fleischner.

[illegible] OF JOHN A. CARR

[illegible] that the name [illegible] in the [illegible] list, John A. Carr and family returned [illegible] announced by the Queen [illegible] who arrived yesterday morning. Carr greeted his friends with old time cordiality, and when asked [illegible] he [illegible] the slight [illegible] of his shoulder. [illegible] toward the press [illegible] and would give no [illegible] An OREGONIAN reporter called last night to see Mrs. Carr at her residence, corner Fifth and Alder, to ask how it came that her husband was released. Mr. Carr said sharply [illegible] found out so much about [illegible] letter find it [illegible]

"That's just what I called for," said the young man in his politest tones.

"Well, find out the best way you can," she answered half indignantly. "You said everything mean you could think of about our family and just keep on. You'll have to stop some time. And I'll tell you we've got money and friends. I [illegible] in the end."

The young man tried to explain that THE OREGONIAN had simply stated the circumstances of the crime imputed to Carr as it received them from reliable sources. Mrs. Carr [illegible] the wrong impression that an article in one of the Sunday papers had appeared in this journal, kept up in this strain for several minutes, evidently to show two lady visitors that she was not afraid to give a reporter a piece of her mind. But she finally got into good humor and invited the young man to be seated. He said:

"Now I've come to give you the benefit of any defense you have to make."

"We don't need any defense," she answered. "We have lots of friends here and we're well known."

The reporter finding that circumlocution [illegible]

[illegible] with [illegible] Oregon apples. [illegible] That's just what [illegible] the tree [illegible] Nature [illegible] supply.

The young man said [illegible]

BUSINESS NOTICES.

[illegible]

People who have been wondering what the boom might mean of which THE OREGONIAN's advertising columns have for some days past [illegible] will find the [illegible] at the top of the right hand column of this page to-day.

SPECIAL CHURCH NOTICES.

Scandinavian services. Preaching by Rev. O. Okerson in the lecture room of the First Baptist church at [illegible] P. M.

Plymouth Congregational Church, Corner Fifteenth and E streets. The pastor, Rev. F. R. Loomis, will preach at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school at 12:15 A. M. Strangers cordially invited.

First Presbyterian Church, corner of Washington and Third streets. A. L. Lindsley pastor. Services morning and evening. Sunday school at 12 M. Bible class same hour. Ushers provide seats for all comers.

Unitarian Church—Corner of Yamhill and Seventh. Charles Noyes acting pastor. Services at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Morning subject: "Religious Education of the Will." Evening subject: "The Humanity of Jesus."

The Church of the Sea and Land—R. S. Stubbs pastor, corner Third and D streets. Sunday school at 9:30 A. M. for one hour, preaching in Bethel Hall at 9:30 P. M. by the chaplain, prayer meetings on Tuesday and Friday evenings at 7:30.

Bethel services at 2 P. M. on board the James Livesay, lying at Central Wharf, foot of Washington street; cordial invitation to all.

First Christian church, East Park and Columbia streets—Services morning and evening, at regular hours. Henry Shadle pastor. Morning subject: "The Modern Union Movement." Evening: "The Great Commission." All are cordially invited.

Hall street M. E. Church. H. K. Hines pastor. Morning subject 11 o'clock: "The true spirit of the Christian life." 7 P. M. song service; 7:30 preaching, subject: "The personal element in temptation." All welcome.

First Baptist Church.—Elder Cornell and Alder. Preaching by the pastor, Rev. J. A. Gray, at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Morning subject: "The Last Enemy our Friend." Evening subject: "The Patience of God." Seats free. Sunday school at 1 P. M.

First Congregational Church—Service to-morrow at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Preaching by the pastor, Rev. Dr. Frederic R. Marvin. Morning subject: "The Imprecatory Psalms." Evening subject: "The Dignity of Labor." Sunday school at 12:30 P. M. Young People's meeting at 6:45 P. M.

Taylor street M. E. church—Rev. Geo. W. Izer pastor. Morning discourse 11 A. M., subject: "The Two Baptisms." The sacrament of baptism will be administered. Evening discourse 7:30 P. M., subject: "The Divine Law of Life and Death." Praise meeting in the lecture room led by the Y. P. A. at 6:45 P. M. The public is cordially invited to all the services of the church.

Episcopal Church Services. Trinity, Oak and Sixth; Sunday 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. St. Stephen's chapel (Jefferson and Fifth): Sunday 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. St. Matthew's chapel (First and Caruthers): 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. [illegible] (Grammar school): Sunday 3 P. M. Good Samaritan hospital (twenty first and [illegible]): Thursday [illegible]

East Portland Pulpits

First Congregational Church.—Being an addition to East Portland. The morning service at 11 o'clock will be conducted by Chaplain Stubbs. Sabbath school at 12:30. No evening service.

Baptist Church, corner of Seventh and G streets. Services at 11 o'clock A. M. and 7 P. M. Seats free. All are welcome. G. J. BURCHETT, Pastor.

St. David's Episcopal Church—Rev. J. W. Sellwood, rector. Services morning at 11 A. M. Evening at 7.

United Brethren Church—Good Templars Hall, on L street near Fourth street, over Dr. Coley's drug store. Sabbath school at 10 A. M.; preaching at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M., every sabbath. J. H. Watson pastor.

INCOMING PASSENGERS.

The State of California sailed on time yesterday with the following passengers:

John Matson & wife
P King
C Montgomery
M S Burrell
J J Comstock & wf
Rev J Ganlenbein
Geo R Dalpratt
I Rosenblatt
Mrs Julian
Martin Julian
Geo Tuforo
Miss Moores
Lottie Allen
Mr Kerchevel
J N Thompson & wf
J Seavers
J F Bivin
Julia Mann
Mr Rodgers
J D Myers
E Cohen
D Wilson
Geo H Broughton
Mrs Watkins & chil
O H Staley
H Collins
May Howard
Bertha Thompson
May Holmes
Prof Tyler
J H Mitchell
L H Parker & w
Geo B Randall & wf
C E Brunstone
C McAllister
C B M Allister
J Roberts & wf
J F Gray
W West
F W Hahn
Mrs Mallan

Mrs F Street
H Gerson
H Curran
H Templeton
J A Fulton
A M Plato
A F Waller
John McCarther
Rose Julian
Emma Julian
Mrs Tafore
Lottie Miller
Mr Guilizetta
Ida Andrews
A Davis
T D Kendalson
J Kahnweiler
M Jacobson
F P Nelson
F J Brennan
A Wilson
J B Stewart
J H Wiley
C H Brack
T William
Edith Moulton
Nellie Howard
Annie Mares
M Arnold
J F Boren
Wm [illegible]
C Randall
C Haughan
R Gt M Allister
J M Allison
C Sam [illegible]
Mrs H Bull
A S Nunning
W R Noran
J J H [illegible]swill
J Baldwin

REAL ESTATE MARKET

The following special report of the real estate market is furnished THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN by J. Fred Clark & Co., real estate agents:

The business [illegible] Multnomah county during the past week is as [illegible] below:

Country and suburban take a very considerable lead. The figures in this [illegible] transactions [illegible] with regard to [illegible] property [illegible] portion [illegible] future will [illegible] will have [illegible] referred [illegible]

Country & Suburban	[illegible]	$[illegible]
[illegible]	8	[illegible]
Couch & Northward	3	[illegible]
Albina	11	[illegible]
East Portland	[illegible]	11,[illegible] 00
Caruthers & Southward	[illegible]	[illegible]
Cemetery	[illegible]	[illegible]
St Johns	[illegible]	[illegible]
Bond for deeds country	3	[illegible]
Bond for deed Albina	1	[illegible]
East Portland	1	[illegible]
Total	[illegible]	$2[illegible]

Dental Philosophy

[illegible]

Frank M Jackson, [illegible] First st [illegible] Morrison and Yamhill, competent [illegible] watches [illegible] spectacles and eyeglasses [illegible]

[illegible] Academy Hall.

J. K. Gill & Co. [illegible] books used in the public schools.

J. K. Stuart, the artist, has removed his studio to Room 20 Ainsworth block, Third and Oak.

MADGE'S LETTER

[illegible]

[illegible] bonnet and lingering [illegible] bandboxes, four in number. Here she explained [illegible] received with tender care. [illegible] together. [illegible] for the opera, and I examined a [illegible] crescent-shaped frame covered with bright pink satin veiled by a network of beads, pearl, pink and a sort of robin's-egg blue. The combination producing a lovely opalescent light. At the right side was fastened a cluster of shrimp pink ostrich tips, very short, and giving the general effect of a large *pompon*. There were no strings, and when in obedience to my fears I saw it on, she placed it positively beyond the crown of her head. There seemed no possible means of security. "Why, Tabitha," I expostulated, "it is hideous; it is moreover supremely ridiculous; such a pretty bonnet, too; pray try it at least an inch further forward."

"Not for worlds," she cried, "and certainly if all New York girls make such sacrifices when they attend the opera, people on the last row will no longer complain of what stands between them and the stage."

"This is pretty," I exclaimed, pulling out another bonnet, "why it is [illegible] about these things, but I assure I should not admire them." On a garnet velvet ground were placed flowers of a soft tan colored kid, finished around the edges by a fine gold thread. The small coronet roll was embroidered in a conventional pattern in small gold beads, and the strings matching the kid in color were of [illegible] ribbon, three on each side, and not more than a quarter of an inch wide.

"Yes," said Tabitha, "I think that is very nice myself, but I assure you they are not all so. Many of them have much more kid about them, and those trimmed with the leather are exceedingly stiff, ugly and unbecoming. I wear mine with a street suit of the two colors, the satin skirt is plain and immensely full of the tan color, and the pelisse is garnet velvet made with what they call the Jersey back that [illegible] with [illegible] bands of Russian sable about eight inches [illegible] round the bottom, up the front and finishing collar [illegible] is a lame [illegible] I saw [illegible] in New York which [illegible] as pretty. They are very generally worn by young ladies trimmed as I have described my own, or with beaver. Plush is not used except for lining, and though one sees a great many elegant cloaks in embossed plush abroad, they are beginning to introduce plain materials, velvet being especially fashionable. You should see the New York girls Madge, with their bouquets. Last month they were all of rosebuds of one color, twined around with smilax; now they are all of white lilacs, tied together with lilac ribbons, but one of them would carry anything else."

"And are their dresses all of one piece as well these inseparables?" I asked, and Tabitha responded: "Ah no, there is considerable liberty allowed in that direction, terra cotta, garnet, green in olive and myrtle shades, [illegible] and navy blue, and brown. Coachman's capes and small muffs of beaver are worn and a pretty slender girl who crossed on the Atlantic with us had a stylish London cloak, consisting of five cloth capes, the first closely hugging the shoulders and falling just below them, the others nicely grading down to the last, which was the length of an ordinary circular. The garment was of rifle green and her walking hat to match, also of green, had a soft full [illegible] of velvet around the crown for its only trimming."

"Now you have come back to hats," I exclaimed delightedly, "perhaps you will let me see what you have in those two bandboxes." And Tabitha drew from one a small black velvet crescent bonnet, and from the other a large round fur bordered hat with which she covers up the necessary forehead. They are very pretty, but not so new as the others. I remarked disparagingly, but Tabitha contradicted. "We wear nothing else for the street or informal calls. I suppose you have also [illegible] nevertheless they are fashionable for everybody who can afford [illegible]."

"Now, Tabitha, you are becoming extravagant. [illegible] and perhaps we had better [illegible]"

"[illegible] was," she cried with a rapture [illegible] I must say to you that I [illegible] only [illegible] gown. One [illegible] me by Worth of white [illegible] trimmed with [illegible] for [illegible] You will never believe it [illegible] until you [illegible] nothing, and it [illegible] me to [illegible] that [illegible] until French Victoria."

Tabitha [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] with the [illegible] civil slightly [illegible] a comprehensive glance out upon the Portland street [illegible] "Do you know anything, Madge?" "Well," I answered, "[illegible] we have only just returned [illegible] Madge, [illegible] that [illegible] is white [illegible] I knew [illegible] to China, you would have told me before I had shut the front door. Now what [illegible]"

Since I must [illegible] I replied, "I [illegible] Chinese [illegible] You must know that among our Chinese merchants [illegible] a certain Mr. Lai Fong, who has recently visited San Francisco and returned accompanied by a young bride. Being justly proud of his little lady he invited about twenty of his [illegible] Mr [illegible] a [illegible] with our [illegible] Mulan [illegible] in the [illegible] Christian [illegible] of [illegible] Mr Lai Fong [illegible] the [illegible] Mrs. [illegible] were served which [illegible] such as Chinese [illegible] Chinese turkey [illegible] and [illegible] is their manner of [illegible] The [illegible] most plates [illegible] from the [illegible] Mrs. Lai Fong [illegible] with [illegible] and attended by her maid. She is a bright [illegible] thing, very [illegible] in appearance, and was most gorgeous [illegible] of those finely plaited [illegible] satin which [illegible] place the [illegible] and [illegible] lower garment, which [illegible] Tabitha would probably describe [illegible] She was quantities of jewels and her hair was nearly [illegible] by ornaments. Mr. Lai Fong had [illegible] apparently to make her [illegible] and her maid appeared a [illegible] and I dare say she [illegible] life. The [illegible] pleased me for the [illegible] and we had the benefit of an interpreter who delivered to us the substance of the play in the choicest English. I think it was equivalent to our opera, and the ballet took the form of an acrobatic performance which I regret to say came on after our departure. All the female characters are personated, and very successfully, by men. I noticed a peculiar sliding step which these ladies assumed not without a certain grace of its own, and we were told that it was augmented by a kind of long flat sole covered with felt. The other characters fortunately ran with their backs to the audience we saw what was meant [illegible] plainly. I also learned that actors in China take a much lower rank than among us, being regarded with the greatest contempt, and notwithstanding great talent, which is not rare among these people naturally so imitative, they are considered far inferior to beggars.

So you see, Tabitha, we are indebted to our generous host for entertainment and education. Surely you will join me in wishing Mr and Mrs Lai Fong a 'Happy New Year.'

"I must see that Chinese theater," she exclaimed enthusiastically, and "I assure you Tabitha," was my reply, "you will find its equal to much that has been produced at the New Market Friday evening," remarked Tabitha, "was very satisfactorily passed at the New Market theatre. Your orchestra leaves the San Francisco amateurs far behind, but perhaps that is due to a stronger professional element. The Schubert quartette for example was the instrumental feature of the evening." "No, I cried. "The happy result is due rather to the hearty way in which professionals and amateurs work together, the former a strong frame work upon which the latter bravely stand." Then as Tabitha silently acknowledged me I continued: "How very nice if Mrs Kersey is to accept her position as one of us so gracefully, and how charmingly she sang. I do not remember ever hearing a more faultless bit of singing than the 'Mignon,' and the little encore to her first song was delicious. I hope now that our Handel and Haydn society's concerts will sometimes have the benefit of a cultivated soprano soloist."

"Have you a Choral society as well as an Orchestral union?" asked Tabitha, and I said, "Well we have just saved one from an untimely grave. You know what such societies always are, especially in a small city, minor bickerings, small dissensions, social distinctions and all that, but there has been a late rally, an oratorio is in rehearsal, everything has been buried except enthusiasm, and I believe that in the Creation everybody consents to be born again in a perfectly amiable frame of mind."

MADGE

MUSIC.

The Orchestral Concert

The second concert of the season was given on Friday evening, at the New Market theatre. Without considering the performance of the orchestral pieces in detail it must be said that each of those which formed part of the programme at the concert referred to was marked by an improvement demonstrating careful study in the interim. The "Tannhauser" march brought the instrumental resources into strong relief and was an exceedingly fine piece of playing.

The Schubert string quartet, or more correctly the two movements therefrom, played by Messrs Coursen, Harris, Thilban and Engelman, was listened to with such profound attention and applauded with such heartiness as to leave no room for question that the judicious interpolation of this severer school among the numbers of the orchestra programmes will be regarded with favor, and in time become a demand.

Mrs. H. M. Kersey, who, when we last heard her here was welcomed as Miss Ivy Wandesford, was the vocalist. Her consent to sing was a gracious compliment to the organization and as such should be highly appreciated. Her appearance before the audience was the signal for a round of applause, fraught possibly with double significance. In the scene from *L'Etoile du Nord* it was apparent that since last singing here her voice has received the fullness and power of which overwork and fatigue had robbed it. Into the plaintive prayer of *Catherine*, which precedes the brilliant scene accompanying the barcarole, Mrs. Kersey threw a quiet, religious feeling artistically contrasting with the joyous echoing, which display[illegible] the excellently trained voice to the utmost perfect advantage. To a vociferous encore she responded with a taking little ballad, "A Bird in Hand." Recalled [illegible] the Reverie, "Mignon" [illegible] dream [illegible] Schira. Mrs. Kersey sang in a manner which won her another storm of applause. The song, to be delivered properly, requires the most perfect vocal control, any faulty inspiration or respiration destroying the dreamy character and soft effect. As a piece of vocalization it was faultless. As an encore Mrs. Kersey sang "[illegible]" from the Birthday Album. The piano accompaniments played by Mr. Coursen went in no small degree to make up the finished excellence which characterized the work of the fair vocalist.

Both Mr. Kinross and the Orchestral Union may be congratulated that the former has sufficiently recovered from his late accident to [illegible] his place at the conductor's desk.

THE COURTS.

Supreme [illegible]

[illegible]

In re estate of J. [illegible] Order [illegible] report of assignee, order that within five days assignee file [illegible]

[illegible] vs A. [illegible] exceptions to report [illegible]

[illegible]

State of Oregon vs Wm Warlen [illegible] A true bill.

State of Oregon vs Ernest Dake, ex'y. A true bill.

State of Oregon vs Akee and Ah D[illegible]—A true bill.

In the matter of the application of Wm Lawrence for a writ of habeas corpus. Demurrer to return sustained and Lawrence discharged.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT

Signal service, United States army. Division of telegrams and reports for the benefit of commerce and agriculture. Report for the last 24 hours. The following observations are taken at the same moment at all the stations named:

PORTLAND, Jan. 27 — P. M.

Place of Observation	*Height of Barometer*	*Range of Bar. in last 8 Hours*	*Thermometer*	*Wind, Direction*	*Wind, Rain in Last 8 h. Inches*	*State of Weather*
Portland	30.2[illegible]	.07	41	S	[illegible]	Cloudy
Olympia	30.24	[illegible]	42	S	[illegible]	Cloudy
Roseburg	[illegible]	.01	48	S	[illegible]	Rain
Red Bluff	30.[illegible]	0	47	N	[illegible]	Clear
Sacramento	30.[illegible]	.0[illegible]	48	S	[illegible]	Clear

River feet [illegible] above low water mark.
Max temp 51.8; min temp 43.6.

Attention, Ladies!

I have just received [illegible] will [illegible] at the Lanning [illegible] House, corner [illegible]

[illegible], Proprietor

Railroad [illegible] books, beginning to-day at J. K. Gill & Co., [illegible] First street.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

BOMB!

Hush, read softly!
Hush, speak low!
Nor dare a sound
The solemn stillness
To awake!

THE BOMB

EXPLODES!

TIME: TUESDAY, JANUARY 30.
PLACE: [illegible]6 FIRST STREET.

AT

MELLIS BROS. & CO.'S

OLD STAND.

THE BOTTOM KNOCKED OUT OF
FANCY PRICES!

WE WILL INAUGURATE
THE LOW PRICE SYSTEM.

The old-fashioned Profit of 100 and 200 Per Cent. Cannot be Made in the Face of
NINETEENTH CENTURY INTELLIGENCE.

E. WINEBURGH & CO.,
OF SAN FRANCISCO,

Will open their establishment to the public of Portland and vicinity with one of the largest, finest and best assorted stocks of Dry and Fancy Goods, Millinery, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, etc., etc., ever shown this side of San Francisco.

STRICTLY ONE PRICE—EVERYTHING MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.

We EXTEND GREETING to the patrons of the old stand, and a HEARTY WELCOME to as many new ones as will favor us with a call. Respectfully,

E. WINEBURGH & CO.,
(Successors to Mellis Bros. & Co.) 1[illegible] FIRST STREET.

HAVERLY'S
NEW MARKET THEATER.
F. W. STECHHAN PROPRIETOR

MR. LEONARD GROVER'S
[illegible] COMEDY COMPANY

WILL POSITIVELY APPEAR
To-morrow Evening, January 29, 1883,
And every evening during the week, including Saturday Matinee in Mr. Grover's latest and greatest success,

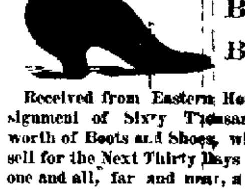
MY SON-IN-LAW,

In which the following Artists will appear:

LEONARD GROVER,
W. P. GROVER,
WYBERT MORRIS,
BOWDAIN MAY,
LEONARD GROVER Jr.,
JOSEPH EVERHAM,
ALLAN STUART STANLEY,
CONSTANCE MURIELLE,
LILLIAN BARNES and LITTLE BELLE DEAVES.
GEORGE HOLLAND,
J. J. SHATTUCK,
AMELIA WAUGH,
AMY NORTHCOTTE,
HERBERT STACY,
CHAS. OLIVER,
MARTHA WREN,
ADA DEAVES,

Notwithstanding the enormous expense attached to this engagement, the usual popular prices will be maintained. Reserved seats at Cornelius' drug store.

BOOTS AND SHOES.



SHOES!
SHOES!
BOOTS.
BOOTS.

Received from Eastern Houses, a consignment of Sixty Thousand Dollars' worth of Boots and Shoes, which we will sell for the Next Thirty Days so as to give one and all, far and near, a show to buy cheap. Only two pairs of each kind of shoes will be sold to each customer, as these prices are 20 per cent. lower than the New York market rates. The following are the prices:

[illegible]

Gentlemen's wear will be sold in the same proportion as the prices above.

[illegible] the place

New York Boot & Shoe House
No. 108 First st., bet. Yamhill and Taylor,
Portland, Or.
HYMAN GALLICK, Prop'r.

AMOS B. LEAHY JULIUS HEUBNER
HEUBNER & LEAHY,
Real Estate, Insurance & Money Brokers.

AGENTS FOR THE
Anchor Line Steamship Company, and
Manhattan Life Insurance Co. of New York.

OFFICE Southwest corner Front and Washington streets.

Portland, Oregon.

WANTS.

PARTNER [illegible] GENTLEMAN WITH [illegible] to buy [illegible] First street, west side [illegible] YANCEY & CO., [illegible] First street.

SALESMEN WANTED—TWO SALESMEN wanted to sell Singer Sewing Machines. Salary [illegible] For particulars, apply to The Singer Mfg Co., 92 Morrison street.

AMUSEMENTS.

PALACE THEATER,
Second Street, between Stark and Oak.

ROGERS, GIBSON & CO Proprietors
[illegible] LUPROIL Stage Manager

GRAND INAUGURATION
THURSDAY, FEB. 1, 1883.

This TEMPLE OF AMUSEMENT will be opened on the above date with one of the BEST SPECIALTY COMPANIES ever brought to the Pacific Coast. It is the firm intention of the management to make this positively

The Pleasure Resort of Portland

An Entire Change of Bill Each Week.

Read the Names of our Matchless Company:

The World Famed Versatile Duo and acknowledged Kings of all Laugh Makers,
Amos ARNOLD BROS. (Frank)
Late of the Big 4 Minstrels, the greatest living Song and Dance Men.

Special Engagement of the Beautiful and Only
Rose JULIANS (Martin)
The [illegible] Champion Contortionists and Acrobats of the World.

The World Renowned Monarchs of the Air
Pauline LUPROILS (George)
The Beautiful, Young and Accomplished Duettists,
Maud STANLEY SISTERS (Sadie)
The Queen Nightingales of Songs

Positively the Most Refined Lady Song and Dance Artists in the Profession
MISS LOTTIE ALLEN

The Great Irish Vocalists and Dancers
MORAN and MARTIN,
Known as the Renowned Irish COOKOOS

The Fascinating Soubrette and Comedienne
MISS EDITH MOULTON

The Charming Terpsichorean Artistes
May HOWARD SISTERS (Nellie)
MISS CLARA RICHARDS.

Our Efficient Orchestra, under the Leadership of
PROFESSOR ALLEN

Our Bower of Beauties!
10 LADY VOCALISTS!—10

A Female Vocal Corps of unexceptional excellence comprising the following ladies: Miss Louise Manning, Miss Clara Lyall, Miss Lotta Holmes, Miss Josephine Curry, Miss Alie Fillmore, Miss Bertha Thompson, Miss Elisha Roy, Miss Level Staven, Miss Amandor Lee, Miss Mollie Craven.

Admission 25 and 50c.

LOUISVILLE RESTAURANT.
JOHN SLAVICH,
THE POPULAR RESTAURATEUR

Informs his friends and the public generally that he has just opened his large, elegant and well-appointed RESTAURANT on the east side of First street, between Morrison and Yamhill.

Meals can be obtained at all hours day or night.

A number of fine rooms have been fitted up for ladies. GIVE JOHN A CALL.

[illegible] DEALERS IN
FINE WINES AND LIQUORS.
[illegible] Agents for the
J. H. CUTTER OLD BOURBON WHISKY
AND FOR
VAL. BLATZ MILWAUKEE BEER.

IBENKMAN & WOLFF,
MACHINISTS,
Corner F and Third Streets.
Housework Doors, Railings, Iron Shutters and Machinery of all descriptions. Planing and Moulding Tools to order.

[illegible]

A CABINET SECRET.

I made Mr Headley's acquaintance at an auction room. I am an old man and having plenty of leisure and occasionally a few pounds to spare have gradually contracted a love for bric a brac, the pursuit of which enables me to kill a good many weary hours and to hoard up, in the shape of old china, money which would otherwise be frittered away on equally useless but less valuable objects.

Headley and I were among the most regular attendants at Christie's, Sotheby's and other auction rooms, and as during the season of the sales we met somewhere almost daily our mutual tastes soon led to an acquaintance.

Headley was a tall gentlemanly man of about thirty eight and evidently had studied the ceramic art deeply. He put me right on several little matters, and once or twice saved me from buying spurious productions. As the true collector loves nothing better than to show his pet objects to another who understands and appreciates their beauties, it was not long before Headley asked me to pay him a visit for that purpose.

"Come early," he said, "then we shall have time to go through the cabinet by daylight. Afterwards I will give you some dinner."

Headley's house was in a quiet square in a good, if not the most fashionable part of London. I found my host delighted to see me, and panting to show me his treasures. He was a genuine member of that species known as "the enthusiastic collector," whose passion for accumulating rarities amounts almost to a mania, and I am bound to say that his collection was one to be proud of. I should tire the reader ignorant of those delicate distinctive subtleties dear to a collector's heart were I to expatiate upon the beauties of his old Dresden, Sevres, Wedgwood and Bently, rose-backed Nankin, blue and white hawthorn pattern, etc., etc. I admired greatly, and envied more.

The collections were arranged with great taste, in suitable cabinets, and among the many choice specimens, I think the one that struck me most was a magnificent old Chelsea tea set. It occupied the centre of one of the cabinets with articles of lesser value ranged around it, as though paying homage to its superior worth. Leaving out of the question the beautiful blue and white decorations, the reticulated gilding and the artistic painting, the set was very valuable from the fact that it was perfect.

Headley seemed pleased at the admiration I expressed, and then he said, with a smile:

"You, a collector, may not be surprised at hearing that I nearly bartered my happiness to make that set perfect."

I laughed, thinking he was joking, and replied:

"I don't think I would go quite so far as that, but I am sure my happiness would be greater if I owned it."

"So would any man's be. Look at the painting, the gilding, the shape, the color. Feel the texture of it," he added, taking the teapot from its velvet-lined nest and fondly caressing it with his long fingers, "you or I could tell it was Chelsea by the softness of the paste."

"Where did you get it from?"

"I had the teapot, sugar-basin, two cups and saucers first. They belonged to my mother, and, as I told you, I was nearly paying too dearly for the rest of it. But I will tell you all about it after dinner, if you would care to hear the story."

The summer afternoon passed very pleasantly among the old china, and at seven o'clock we were summoned to the dinner table.

I was presented to Mrs Headley, a charming young woman of about twenty-eight. She gave me a cordial welcome, and the little dinner went merrily enough. We were served on old Oriental plates, the spoons and salt-cellars were of the coveted Queen Anne period, and the glass was rare old Venetian. Headley certainly had refined and expensive tastes, and it seemed, plenty of means wherewith to gratify them.

When Mrs Headley rose she begged us pleasantly, not to linger too long over the wine, as she was all alone.

"Your husband has promised me the history of the Chelsea set," I said, "but, under the circumstances I shall ask him to be as brief as possible."

"If he does tell you, Mr Burke," she said, laughing, "I shall never, never forgive him, and it would be impossible for me to look you in the face again."

"My dear," said Headley, "my friend Burke is a collector himself, and can sympathize with my weakness. I should never think of relating it unless it were a kindred spirit who will fully enter into my feelings."

After closing the door upon my fair hostess I refilled my beautifully tinted glass with Lafitte, and waited with some curiosity for the promised recital.

Headley commenced:

"Of course it is all a joke now, and I can well afford to laugh at it, but when the affair I am going to tell you of happened it was serious enough. The portion of the Chelsea set I owned at first belonged to my mother; she inherited it from her father, and there its history is lost. When I was first seized with a passion for collecting, it naturally formed the nucleus of my cabinet. Every one admired it and envied me the possession of it. One day—it was after I had formed a decent collection and was getting well known as a buyer—Wharton, the dealer, called upon me to show me a few things he had picked up in the country. I drew his attention to my Chelsea; he examined it closely and said, 'Very strange, I saw the rest of that service a few days ago.' I asked him where, and he told me it belonged to a lady living at Shepherd's Bush. Was it for sale? Certainly not, or he would not have told me about it until he had secured it. He had offered to give her a large sum for it, but nothing would induce her to part with it. It was like mine a family relic, and as the owner was in no want of money there did not seem to be any chance of persuading her to surrender it. Her name, he informed me, was Miss Crofton, her residence 142 [illegible] Road, Shepherd's Bush.

"Now, Burke, you will, I know, sympathize with me when I say that, having discovered that the rest of that exquisite set was in existence, I felt that life was almost intolerable without it, and that at any sacrifice it must be mine. On that point my mind was at once made up.

"The first thing was to see the china and satisfy myself that Wharton had made no mistake, so the next day I called upon Miss Crofton. I found her a pleasant, polite lady of about fifty, and she presented the appearance of a spinster whose circumstances were very comfortable. It has always seemed to me that anything to do with china makes the whole world kin, and when I explained the object of my call Miss Crofton refused to listen to any [illegible] but at once [illegible] the treasure. My informant had told the simple truth. I had the teapot, two cups and saucers, and the sugar basin, [illegible] Miss Crofton was the fortunate owner of the cream jug, four cups and saucers and the two dishes. And with dazzled eyes I saw how her portion of the elegant service [illegible] a sacred duty had devolved upon me [illegible] separated [illegible] family, and I [illegible] little happiness until the beautiful [illegible] reposed [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] committed other crimes for the sake of that [illegible]. I deliberately murdered the unfortunate [illegible] I found that the events of the night were only dreams, my state was not very much happier. I [illegible] not bear to look at my cabinet. Something was wanting there, and until the void I had created was properly filled I felt I could find no pleasure in my former pursuit.

"You, although a collector, may think I am joking, but I assure you I am not. I hungered, I craved for that china and felt that were it denied me, my dreams might some day almost come true.

"After the interval of a few days I thought I might venture to call upon Miss Crofton once more. She received me kindly, told me she was flattered by my paying her another visit so soon, and allowed me to handle the china again. I must have been dull company too, for although I replied mechanically to her chat my eyes were ever turning to those four cups and saucers, cream jug and two dishes. Miss Crofton could see the bent of my thoughts, for she said:

"'It's no use, Mr Headley. I will not sell them, and I love them too much to give them away.'

"As she spoke a thought struck me. I would take her to see the teapot, sugar basin and the other cups and saucers mourning as it were for their long lost brethren. So I concealed my vexation, and making an effort to smile, said:

"'I am only admiring, Miss Crofton. But I should be so pleased if you would honor me by calling and looking at my little collection. If so I will send the carriage for you to-morrow.'

"She accepted my invitation, and the next day came to my house. I took care to have a choice little repast prepared of such things as middle-aged spinsters love, and after we had discussed it I led her to the room which held my treasures. All the cabinets save one were open to her view, but that one I had covered with a dark cloth. After she had seen the contents of the others I led her before this one, and in a theatrical manner, with a beating heart lifted the veil and revealed my teapot, sugar basin, cups and saucers, looking beautiful but sorrowful with the vacant spaces around them. I said nothing, thinking this mute appeal to her better feelings would be more than any words of mine. She saw the plot at a glance and laughed long and loud, saying as her merriment subsided:

"'So, Mr Headley, this is the meaning of your hospitality, you expect me to pay for my dinner with the china?'

"I protested it was only a little hint to show her how very anxious I was to possess the remainder of the set, and then I told her seriously how necessary it was to my happiness and peace of mind to see those void spaces filled.

"No appeal of mine would soften her, and the four cups and saucers, the cream jug and the two dishes seemed as far away as ever. At last she said decisively:

"'As you are so bent upon it I will bequeath the china to you.'

"'And I may have to wait twenty years for it,' I said sulkily, forgetting, in my mortification, not only politeness, but the affection I had expressed for my new-found relative.

"'A good deal longer, I hope,' she replied. 'But as you are so anxious why not pack up what you have and let me take it back with me? You can see it all in my cabinet whenever you like, and I dare say its being there will give me the pleasure of your company more often.'

"But this plan did not suit me at all, and finding that my device had failed utterly I was obliged to conduct my visitor to her home in a frame of mind not the sweetest.

"A week went by, but try what I would I could not get that cursed china out of my head or resign myself to the disappointment. I found myself growing worse instead of better, and as I fancied my health was beginning to suffer, I determined to run down to Brighton in the hope of distraction. The weather was fine, I met several pleasant friends there, and after a day or two began to think that in time I might conquer the absurd craving for what could not be mine. But even as I was congratulating myself on the partial recovery of my senses I dreamed a dream so horrible that I fell back into my former unhealthy state of mind. I dreamed that Miss Crofton's maid, a red-cheeked, laughing [illegible] lass, had broken two of the cups. I saw her do it and suffered agonies from the sight, and to make matters worse, she put the pieces [illegible] which might have been cemented, in a dust pan, with the [illegible] of the wine, then away. I really think that [illegible] pleasure I had known for many days was to awake and find that it was only a dream.

"I hurried back to town the same day. I felt I could endure the uncertainty and anxiety no longer, and that to obtain my desire any sacrifice I could make must be made, so [illegible] I was resolved upon my return to ask Miss Crofton to become Mrs Headley, and then upon the day of our marriage the severed set would be united. True she was not [illegible] somewhere about fifty, while I was just thirty, but from what I had seen of her I believed she was a very worthy woman, and any way, the china would be mine.

"You will scarcely credit it, but I carried out my resolution. Two days later I was at the fair spinster's side, beseeching her to be my wife. I could not bring myself to profess a violent passion for her, but I told her I was tired of living alone, and asked to share my lot. I said I was well to do in the world, and promised to try and make her future life a happy one, and as while speaking my eyes strayed to the four cups and saucers, the cream jug and the two dishes, I no doubt pleaded with a show of fervor which must have considerably puzzled the old lady. [illegible] she expressed the greatest astonishment.

"'[illegible] understand you [illegible],' she said. 'Do you mean to say you are in love with me?'

"'I will make a good husband,' I replied, [illegible]

[illegible]

"Although after taking the china [illegible] I saw both her and the [illegible] and as Miss Crofton was [illegible] man I may say I grew quite [illegible] mother and had [illegible] has been happy enough after a fashion. One thing [illegible] When we met or parted I [illegible] a kiss [illegible] She [illegible] the use of Christian names between us and stipulated that our engagement should be kept from [illegible] one. Another thing I found strange was that she was continually harping in a good tempered sort of way upon the disparity of our ages, instead of endeavoring to make the difference as little as possible. In fact she seemed to treat me more as a son than a future husband.

"Feelings of delicacy prevented me from asking her to allow me to remove the Chelsea to my house before [illegible], and I quite blushed with shame when one day she handed me the key of the cabinet and with a meaning smile begged I take charge of it to insure the safety of the articles I so highly prized.

"The course of our affection ran very smoothly for about three months. I had quite recovered my health and I may say was placidly happy. If at times while sitting with my elderly bride-elect and hearing her complain of some ailment which she candidly attributed to advancing years, I did feel a twinge of regret, I had but to turn to the four cups and saucers, the cream jug and the two dishes and it vanished.

"But fate and Miss Crofton had other views for me, although I little suspected them.

"According to custom one afternoon I paid my usual visit to my future spouse, and was surprised as I entered the house to hear the sound of a piano. I know something of music, so at once became aware that the instrument was being played with great skill and much wondered who the performer might be. I had not as yet discovered that my Lesbia possessed musical talent. The maid opened the door of the drawing room, the music ceased, and I walked in and found myself face to face with one of the loveliest girls I had ever met. Perhaps the surprise, the contrast, when I saw her instead of the middle aged lady I expected to greet, made the stranger look even more charming. I could realize only at first a bright young face, with masses of light hair around it, turned to see who entered, and a well moulded figure showing to great advantage as she sat before the piano. Her dress of simple black, but well and becomingly made, and as she rose when I entered I could see she was over middle height.

"Women always behave with less awkwardness than men in chance meetings, so while I stood still and stammered some words of apology she advanced with perfect ease and said:

"'Mr Headley, I am sure. My aunt told me to expect you. She has gone out for a short time, but hoped you would wait until her return.'

"I was only too pleased to accept the invitation so frankly given, and recovering my self possession, in a few minutes was in full swing of chat with my Lesbia's niece.

"I found her an unaffected girl, full of spirits and looking forward to the pleasures of a stay.

"'I suppose you will stay some time?' I asked. 'Your presence will quite brighten Miss Crofton's house.'

"'I shall stay as long as ever my aunt will keep me,' she replied. 'Isn't she a dear old soul, Mr Headley?'

"I winced and began to realize that my situation was a painful one.

"'She is so antiquated,' she continued, 'and so romantic in many things.'

"I felt more foolish than ever, and for the sake of saying something, remarked:

"'I wonder she did not tell me you were coming. I suppose she meant to surprise me.'

"'I suppose so. But I assure you she has talked to me a great deal about you, Mr Headley. You appear to be great friends. Quite a flirtation, I tell her.'

"I colored up to my ears, but managed to say:

"'Then I conclude her report of me has been favorable.'

"'I shan't betray her confidence, Mr Headley, and any way it would have no weight with me, as I prefer to form my own opinions.'

"As I felt we were getting on delicate ground I begged her to resume the music my coming had cut short.

"She played a piece of Chopin's with great feeling and brilliancy, and then at my request sang a couple of ballads. Her voice was sweet and well trained. Altogether she was a very charming niece-to-be.

"'Do you play or sing?' she asked.

"'Neither, unfortunately. I am only an [illegible] critic who understands music [illegible] enough to praise when pleased.'

"'[illegible] I forgot you are a [illegible]'

"And as she spoke [illegible] the first time I had ever been inside the room and forgotten to look and assure myself of the safety and well being of [illegible] cups, saucers, cream jug and dishes.

"And as the thought of the china brought [illegible] in its train I felt that I would give a great deal to know whether Miss Crofton had told her niece everything. Fervently I hoped that she had not done so, as I knew intuitively I [illegible]

"During my meditation Lesbia returned, and instead of appearing jealous and annoyed at the cordial understanding between the fair niece and future uncle, smiled and said:

"'Shall I introduce you young people or have you dispensed with that ceremony?'

"'Your niece has the advantage of me in knowing my name,' I replied.

"'Mr Robert Headley, let me present you to Miss Ethel Crofton, my favorite niece, and [illegible] with the politeness of the [illegible]'

"'After that unnecessary ceremony I shall go and dress for dinner,' said Miss Ethel Crofton.

"I closed the door after her and turned to greet her aunt with [illegible]. Perhaps from the same reason that the china had [illegible] scarcely satisfying [illegible] I could not help thinking my future [illegible]

"'Robert,' she said (it was I believe the first time she had used my Christian name), 'I should much prefer that Ethel should hear nothing of our engagement at present. She is young and [illegible] might not look upon it in the right light.'

"[illegible] with a joy I could scarce [illegible]. At any rate Ethel knew nothing about it as yet.

"I dined that evening with the ladies. Miss Crofton [illegible] in a dress of [illegible] and [illegible] Ethel [illegible] She herself was beautiful in pale [illegible] silk and I was so struck by her fair young bright face, her pleasant natural manner, that before the evening was [illegible] I had fully realized what an ass I had made of myself.

"I visited Shepherd's Bush for the next [illegible]

[illegible]

"I lost my opportunity and I am trying to [illegible] the china! [illegible] smash it all [illegible]

"Women [illegible] such circumstances as these [illegible] armchair and laughed so heartily that I knew matters would be so arranged to my satisfaction. In great delight I caught her in my arms and gave her a kiss of real affection.

"'Did you think I was going to let you marry me for the sake of a few cups and saucers?' she cried. 'I am not such a stupid old woman as that. But in truth, Robert, I have grown very fond of you, so if Ethel will have you take her. But only on conditions.'

"'Name them, dear Miss Crofton,' I exclaimed, 'anything, everything you wish.'

"'You must prove the earnestness of your love for my darling girl and the recovery from your insanity by sending me your Chelsea as a present. I shall then give the whole set to the South Kensington or Jermyn Street Museum.'

"I must not tell you all about our lovemaking or Mrs Headley would never forgive me, but Ethel and I arranged matters very quickly, and upon my return home that evening I opened my cabinet and almost without a pang packed up my two cups and saucers, teapot and sugar basin in cotton wool and the next morning forwarded them to Miss Crofton. You have seen Ethel, and I dare say you think I did not make a bad exchange."

"I should think not," I said. "But how comes the set in your cabinet now?"

"The old lady kept me in great suspense all the time Ethel and I were engaged, and although I hid my feelings, I began soon to think it would be very nice to have Ethel and the china, but I dared not hint such a thing to Miss Crofton, who, moreover, teased me dreadfully by praising in Ethel's presence my generosity in making her so beautiful a present.

"While on our honeymoon I thought no more of it, in fact gave it up for lost, and you may guess my joy when we returned to town to see in my room a strange cabinet with the set as you see it now. So I got a good wife and completed the service as well."

Just then the door opened and a voice said with assumed petulance:

"Are you gentlemen never coming? Aunt Lesbia is up stairs, Robert, and wishes to see you before her carriage fetches her."

"Let us go up, Burke," said Headley, as we finished the last of the claret, "and if you want any more particulars of my Chelsea mania Miss Crofton will give them to you."—*All The Year Round.*

FIGHT WITH A DOG.

The Results of Throwing Hot Water on a Bloodhound to Punish Him.

S. I. Merwin & Co. have for some time past kept a large and powerful bloodhound in the office of their packing house on Orange street. The animal has several times lately shown symptoms of treacherous ferocity, which the watchman has taken upon himself to cure by throwing hot water from the office-kettle upon him. Until two weeks ago this treatment had effectually coerced the brute into submission.

But one night when the watchman had attempted to punish him the dog showed fight and drove the man behind the railing and kept him imprisoned there for two hours. The watchman had a revolver in his pocket, but he was loath to shoot the animal because of the value set upon him by the firm.

Charles H. Nichols, the bookkeeper, had always treated the dog kindly, and the brute had apparently none but the friendliest disposition toward him. Yesterday afternoon Mr Nichols fooled with the dog a little after four o'clock and then went to work at his desk, and the dog fell asleep beside the stove. After half an hour or so, Mr Nichols had occasion to fill the kettle on the stove with water. Accidentally he touched the dog with his foot. The dog looked up at him with his eyes half shut, but on seeing the kettle in his hands, he growled viciously and sprang at the bookkeeper's throat. Mr Nichols dropped the kettle and grabbed the dog by the throat. The now excited beast bit at him right and left, inflicting severe wounds on his arms and shoulders. Mr Nichols fought and defended himself as best he could, but the dog pinned him up behind the stove, which was red hot. Although the men up stairs heard the noise they supposed the bloodhound was fighting with some other dog that had come into the office, and not until after fully five minutes when James Farrell, a customer of Merwin's, came in did the true state of affairs appear to anybody but Mr Nichols. Mr Farrell immediately called up stairs for help, and when an employe brought in a cleaver, he snatched the weapon and struck the dog over the nose, cutting it open. The dog turned on him. Mr Farrell struck at him again and again, cutting off one of the brute's legs. The dog still jumped for his throat, and not until his skull was split open did the struggle cease. As soon as the dog had left Mr Nichols the gentleman almost fainted with fright and exhaustion. Dr Dibble was sent for. He brought the young man to consciousness and cauterized the wound. One of the arteries of the left arm had been severed, and it was only after much time that the flow of blood stopped. A bite in the left wrist was fully an inch deep and there were some other bad bites. The doctor started to bring the young man to his home, 129 Worster street, but before they had gone any distance Mr Nichols lost consciousness again and had to be carried back to the packing house, and restoratives were applied again. He was finally brought home between eight and nine o'clock last evening.—*New Haven Register.*

How New Orleans was Taken.

The Boston *Globe's* Slings and Arrows man tells the following: The late Admiral Bailey was dined at the Astor House after the capture of New Orleans, and explained that battle as follows: "Mr President and gentlemen, I thank you." And then after a long pause: "Well, I suppose you want to hear about that New Orleans affair." "Yes, yes," echoed through the hall. "Well, do you see, this was the way of it," resumed the orator, hitching up his trousers. "We were laying down the river below the forts, and Farragut he signaled us to [illegible] Being as we were already [illegible] short, I didn't take much time to [illegible] so that wasn't so much of a job as you might think, and then the engineers they put the ships so all we had to do was to blaze away as we went up to the forts, and I faced [illegible] That's just all there was of it." And the veteran orator, feeling that he had [illegible] explained everything, [illegible] sat down in the midst of [illegible] applause.

A Boston Lady's Absence of Mind.

[illegible]

GRAND-DAME'S GHOST STORY.

[illegible]

It was [illegible] fearful night [illegible] tops [illegible] with terrific flashes of lightning [illegible] the closed shutters [illegible] heavy curtains, and the thunder [illegible] that made [illegible] It was a night to [illegible] all sound, draw the curtain close, stir the fire, and nestle deep in his arm chair before it with feet upon the fender and have something cheerful to think [illegible] But I was all alone [illegible] the house with me [illegible] the servants' wing was detached from the main part of the building, for I do not care to have my maids near me, and I had no [illegible] near.

It was just such a night that Nancy Black died. What a fearful night for the soul to leave its earthly home and go out into the vast unknown future. I spoke aloud as, rousing from a train of thought, I drew my heavy mantle closer around me, wheeled my arm chair nearer the fire and cuddled down in it, burying my feet in the foot-cushion, for I felt strangely cold. I was in the library; it was my usual sitting room, for I seldom used the parlors. What was the use? My books were my friends and I loved best to be with them. My children dead or married and away, the old grand parlors always seemed gloomy and sad, the ghosts of departed pleasures haunted them, and I cared not to enter them.

It was a long wide room across the hall from the parlor, running the whole length of the house, and was lined with shelves from floor to ceiling. My husband's father had been a bibliomaniac, and my husband had had a leaning that way also, and the shelves held many an old and rare work that was worth its weight in gold. The fire, though burning brightly, did not illume one-half the room, of which, sitting in the chimney corner, I commanded a full view, and had been looking at the shadows playing on the furniture and shelves, as the flame shot up, and after flickering a moment, would die out, leaving a gloom which would break away into fantastic shadows as the firelight would again shoot up.

While watching the gleams of light and darkling shades, unconsciously the wailing of the storm outside attracted my attention; there seemed to be odd noises of tipping on the windows, and sobs and sighs as though some one was entreating entrance from the fierce tumult, and as I sat there again I thought of Nancy Black, the old girlhood friend who had loved me so dearly, and the night when she went forth to meet the doom appointed her. Resting my head upon my hand I sat gazing in the fire, thinking over her strange life and still stranger death, and wondering what could have become of the money and jewels that I knew she had once possessed.

While sitting thus a queer sensation crept over me; it was not fear, but a feeling as though if I did look up I'd see something frightful; a shiver not like that of cold ran from my head to my feet and left a sensation as though some one was breathing a cold breath upon my forehead, the same feeling you would cause by holding a piece of ice to your cheek; it fluttered over my face and finally settled round my lips, as though the unseen one was caressing me, thrilling me with horror. But I am not fearful, nervous, nor imaginative, and resolutely throwing off the dread that fell upon me, I turned round and looked up, and there, so close by my side that my hand, involuntarily thrown out, passed through her seeming form, stood Nancy Black. It was Nancy Black, and yet not Nancy Black, for her whole body had a semi-transparent appearance, just as your hand looks when you hold it between yourself and a strong light; her clothing, apparently the same worn in life, had a wavy, seething, flickering look, like flames have, and yet did not seem to burn.

"In the name of God, Nancy Black, who brought you here and whence came you?" I exclaimed.

A hollow whisper responded:

"Thank you, my old friend, for speaking to me, and oh, how deeply I thank you for thinking of me to-night—I shall have rest."

"Rest!" I heard echoed, and a jeering laugh rang through the room that made me shiver at its sound.

"I have been near you often, but always failed to find you in a condition when you would be *en rapport* before to-night. What I came for I will tell you; whence I come you need not know; suffice it to tell you that were I happy I would not be here on such an errand, nor on such a night—it is only when the elements are in tumult, and the winds wail and moan, that we come forth. When you hear these sounds it is the souls of the lost you hear mourning their doom; 'tis then they wander up and down, to and fro, their only release from their fearful home of torture and undying pain.

"I have come to tell you that you must go over to the old house, and in the back room I always kept locked have the carpet taken up from toward the fire place. You will see a plank with a knot-hole in it. Remove it, and you will find what caused me to lose my soul. Have prayers said for me, for [illegible] to pray for the dead. The money and jewels give in charity, bury in holy ground the others you find, and pray for them and me. Ah, Jeannette, you thought your old friend, though strange and odd, pure and innocent. It is a part of my punishment that I must change your thought of me. Farewell. Do not fail me, and I shall trouble you no more. But whenever you hear the wind howl and sweep round the house as it does to-night know that the lost are near. It is their swift flight through space—fleeing before the scourge of memory and conscience that causes that sound.

"That to-morrow you may not think you are dreaming, here is a token," and she touched the palm of my hand with her finger-tips, and as you see, my child, to this day there are three crimson spots in the palm of my hand that nothing will eradicate.

"Do not fail me, and pray for us, Jeannette, pray," and with a longing, wistful gaze and a deep sobbing sigh, Nancy Black faded from my sight.

"Am I dreaming?" I exclaimed, as I rose from my chair and rang the bell. When the servant entered I bade him attend to the fire and light the lamps, and I then thought he [illegible] of any unusual arrangement of the furniture could have caused the appearance. But nothing was apparent, and I bade him send my maid to attend me in my chamber, for I could not help feeling unwilling to remain in the library any longer that evening.

While making my toilet for the night my maid said:

"Have you burned your hand, ma'am?"

Glancing hastily down I saw three dark crimson spots on the palm of my left hand. They had an odd look, seared as though touched by a red-hot iron, yet the flesh was soft, not burned and not painful. Making some excuse for it I did not allude to it again, and dismissed the [illegible] I might [illegible] undisturbed over the strange occurrence. There were the marks upon my hand. I could not remove them and they did not fade. In fact they [illegible] made the rest of the palm look so pinkish and [illegible] from the contrast. Could I have been asleep and dreamed it all, and [illegible] myself? [illegible] over to Nancy Black's old residence [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] and had the remains buried quietly in consecrated ground. The money and jewels were given to the poor, and the old building I turned into a home for destitute females, and morning and night as I kneel in prayer I pray forgiveness to rest upon Nancy Black and peace of her troubled soul.

A PLEASING PROFESSION.

Some British Beauties who Move in High Society.

London Letter.

It is curious to note how the windows of the print shops are budding forth with photographs of Lady Lonsdale, Lady Garvah, Mrs Livingston Thompson, Mrs Cornwallis West and Mrs Wheeler. Lady Dudley seems to be getting too passe to resuscitate. A few years ago, however, she was unquestionably the handsomest woman in England, but now—well, a woman's beauty can't last forever. Luckily for her, her position does not depend on her looks like the others. Her husband, the Earl of Dudley, though as plain a looking man as you would meet in a day's walk, is one of the richest noblemen in the kingdom, and the combined forces of rank and money, which she has on her side, have enabled her to do what none of the others dared. Unlike the others, she has ever spurned the notice and attention of the Prince of Wales, going so far as to refuse to speak to him. Indeed, she has been known on more than one occasion to have deliberately turned her back on him at a ball. She is a sister of the unfortunate Lady Mordaunt, which tells the whole story.

Mrs. Cornwallis-West has generally, in a popular sense, counted number two among the popular beauties. Some people there are who think her the prettier of the two. But her figure, though undoubtedly a fine one, does not approach that of the Jersey Lily, and her face at public entertainments is too elaborately embellished with bismuth and rouge to allow it a moment's place of comparison beside the purely natural, untouched by art complexion of other women. It was at a country ball last winter down near Henley, and late in the evening a large party arrived from some house in the neighborhood where they were staying. Among them was Mrs Cornwallis-West. Strange as it may appear, I had never seen her before. But until I was told which she was, I had supposed that it was some opera-bouffe actress who had got into the place by mistake, and was so painted and powdered over cheek, arms and neck; her eyes were so picked out with belladona, her corsage was so decollete, her voice was so loud and boisterous, and her poses and her gestures had such a decided smack of the heroines of Offenbach and Lecocq. On her bodice, just over the heart, she wore a large gold padlock. This, she informed some young men who inquired its meaning, was the lock to the entrance of her love, adding, with a glance worthy of Schneider in her best days, that even her husband had not the key. Major Cornwallis West, the man who occupies this unenviable position, is a gentleman of considerable private means, arising from large landed and mineral estates in Wales. In favorable comparison with Mr. Langtry, he goes about with his wife, and their names are frequently mentioned together. In short, he does not believe in chaperones.

Of another type altogether is Lady Lonsdale, of Gladys, countess of Lonsdale, as the death of her husband and the consequent step down to the dowagerhood now compels her to be called. Tall, dark and stately, she has been known in society since her debut, in 1877, as the "Gipsy." A penniless beauty she was when she came out, even though her brother was the Earl of Pembroke, and her mother, Lady Herbert of Lea, so that within a year she was only too glad, when but eighteen, to take the young Earl of Lonsdale, who, though scarce four years older than herself, was looked upon as one of the most famous reprobates the English peerage had produced. A great, lubberly, heavy-featured fellow he was—an animal, in fact, whose sensual tastes first exhibited themselves in a secret, but unbinding marriage with his tutor's housemaid before he was seventeen; his proneness to the inordinate use of alcohol also showing itself in numerous fits of delirium tremens ere he had got out of his teens. But he was the possessor of £160,000 a year and estates so vast that even his reckless extravagance and dissipation had not appreciably diminished them. Once she was married; the gypsy-like beauty did pretty well as she liked—her flirtations, while yet a bride, with several titled young guardsmen, who have lately seen service in Egypt, causing more than one scandal in high life. She was away somewhere abroad during her husband's last illness, and had to be actually summoned home to be present at his deathbed. As a widow she does not appear to have altered in the least. She has a house down near Windsor, at which she now and then entertains the Prince of Wales, she and the late earl having always been prominent members of the prince's set. She has a jointure of £6,000 a year, besides the control of what was settled on her three-year-old daughter, so she doesn't want for money to do whatever she likes. She is to be one of the party who are going with Lord Charles Bersford and his wife for a tour through India. Of course it is her rank that smooths over whatever she may do. But were she a plain Mrs. [illegible] with no blood in her veins traceable through the labyrinthine pages of Burke and De Brett, it would be all the other way.

Who Struck Billy Patterson?

It is now known who struck Billy Patterson. The original gentleman was a wealthy Baltimorean. In the early days of Franklin county, Ga., he bought up a great many tracts of land in the county, and spent a good portion of the time in looking after his interests there. On one occasion he attended a public gathering in the lower part of Franklin county, and some district court ground. During the day two opposing bullies and their friends raised a row, and a general fight was the consequence. At the beginning of the affray, and before the fight began, Billy Patterson ran into the crowd to persuade them not to fight but to make peace and be friends. But his efforts for peace were unavailing, and while making them some of the crowd in the general mellee struck Billy Patterson a severe blow from behind. Billy at once became fighting mad and cried out at the top of his voice, "Who struck Billy Patterson?" No one could tell him who was the guilty party. He then proposed to give any man $100 who would tell him "who struck Billy Patterson." From $100 he rose to $1000, but $1000 would not induce any man to tell him "who struck Billy Patterson." Years afterward, in his will he related the above facts and bequeathed $1000 to be paid by his executors to the man who would tell "who struck Billy Patterson." His will is recorded in the ordinary's office at Carnesville, Ga.

A Woman Without Hands.

There is now living in this neighborhood a negro woman who soon after the close of the war had the misfortune to lose both of her hands just above the wrist, who can sew, thread her needle [illegible] clean up a house with [illegible] a ten cent piece off of a glass. I have seen a pretty patch work comfort which she made without a hand to [illegible]. She appears to be happy and contented with her lot. She dresses very neatly and is always tidy. It appears that the sinews [illegible] of the opening, and [illegible] are now used in the place of [illegible] strange [illegible]—*M[illegible] Va. Demo[illegible]*

OUR SUPERIOR FRA

All About "Our Sisters, Our Cousins and Our Aunts."

THE FAIR DAUGHTERS

A Chapter Devoted to the [illegible] and the Adorers of [illegible] Our Little Darlings.

A flirt's heart is like an omnibus [illegible] room for one more.

Many of the so-called society belles [illegible] Hat store in distress.

I like a man who squeezes [illegible] squeezes his money," says the young [illegible] the period.

A young lady when presented [illegible] opera glasses asked, "How in the [illegible] to put them on."

Mme. Bonaparte, who was [illegible] few weeks ago is now reported to [illegible] and to restored health.

It must have been a married man [illegible] said that the proper way to [illegible] up the altar," etc.

On the principle that pride [illegible] with a pair of diamond [illegible] more appropriate present than a [illegible]

A fashion item states that the [illegible] ing V shaped bodices, and [illegible] of the opinion that a [illegible] an X shaped one.

One Philadelphia girl received [illegible] of marriage in one week, and [illegible] the average Philadelphia girl [illegible] $1,000,000 is very sick.

Kitty March, the Vermont [illegible] with a mulatto has been found [illegible] small village in New York [illegible] consented to return home.

A canal boat has been named [illegible] and the difference between [illegible] is that mules draw one [illegible] donkeys.—*Boston Com[illegible]*

Mary Clemmer Ames is [illegible] large-framed woman, with [illegible] good features and the [illegible] English. Her physique is [illegible]

A sixteen year-old girl in [illegible] deep bass. Her older sister [illegible] mee because when they are [illegible] she can easily imagine [illegible]

An East Brookfield woman [illegible] wasted her life in making [illegible] containing two million [illegible] years old and her name [illegible]

There is a rumor that [illegible] again, a Senor Angel de [illegible] er was governess to [illegible] marchioness. He is a [illegible]

"Yes," said the fair [illegible] to Bubleton, "that is [illegible] a refrain." "Ah," [illegible] "that just suits me [illegible] it."

A Pittsburg man [illegible] feet, rather than [illegible] walking with another [illegible] get's terrible [illegible] Post.

The health of the [illegible] is said to be [illegible] king's return the [illegible] to proceed to the [illegible] the winter.

Whoever doubts [illegible] mission should [illegible] they are to be [illegible] big basket is [illegible] *Lowell Citizen.*

[illegible]

Dressed and Undressed Pickets, Laths, Shingles, etc.
and Yard S. E. cor. Yamhill and Front streets, Portland, Or.
Spruce, Cedar and Mouldings always on hand.

[illegible]

Madison Street, bet. Third
[illegible] Or.

PERIOR FRACTIONS

"Our Sisters, Our Cousins and Our Aunts."

THE DAUGHTERS OF EVE

Devoted to the Worshipers of Style and the Adorers of Fashion, Our Little Darlings.

[illegible]

Lout has [illegible] Mr Langtry [illegible] fiance is [illegible] and the lady [illegible] draw [illegible] and the other draws. —*Boston Com. Bulletin*

[illegible] ormance [illegible] is described as a tall [illegible] ed woman with [illegible] most blue eyes [illegible] res and the high coloring we call [illegible] Her physique is superb.

[illegible] year old [illegible] Pennsylvania singe [illegible] Her older sister thinks this is real [illegible] use when they [illegible] in the dark [illegible] only thing in the [illegible] man around.

[illegible] Brookfield woman boasts of having [illegible] r life in making a patchwork quilt [illegible] g two million pieces. She is 66, [illegible] and her name is Amelia Ingraham.

[illegible] a rumor that Nilsson is to marry [illegible] enor Angel de Miranda, whose moth [illegible] governess to Mercedes, and made a [illegible] ess. He is a naturalized Frenchman.

[illegible] said the fair but false young vocalist [illegible] on, "that is an old English song with [illegible]" "Ah," replied the crusty critic, [illegible] t suits me. Refrain from singing [illegible]

[illegible] burg man jumped from a bridge forty [illegible] se than meet his wife, while he was [illegible] with another woman. His wife must [illegible] able swing on a rolling pin. —*Boston*

[illegible] alth of the crown princess of Denmark [illegible] be causing some anxiety, and on the [illegible] turn the prince and princess propose [illegible] d to the south of Europe for a part of [illegible] er.

[illegible] er doubts that the newspapers have a [illegible] should enter a car and see how useful [illegible] to the men when a fat woman with a [illegible] st is looking around for a seat. —[illegible] *Citizen*

[illegible] iladelphia *Chronicle Herald* man has [illegible] en her, and thinks that Mrs. Langtry's [illegible] an actress stand in the same relation [illegible] istrionic art as oleomargarine does to [illegible] This is fat praise.

[illegible]

Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING JANUARY [illegible] 1884

CANCELLED BREEZE

Tell her the news [illegible]
[illegible]
And tell her too [illegible] friend
That Cupid is not [illegible] blind

In tears? What are we [illegible]
[illegible]
She weeps ever while she fleers
But what is her [illegible]

Her sister a saint
Her brother in all but name
I'll see her at once I say
Old chap I am much to blame

LITERARY BANQUETS.

How American Men of Letters Fill up the Traveling Englishmen.

THE DINNER TO FROUDE.

How Irving, Longfellow and Bancroft were Entertained in England and Good Reasons why We should Try to Reciprocate

At the dinner which was given to Mr. Froude the historian when he came to this country ten years ago, and which was attended by a remarkable company, including Emerson and Bryant, and other most distinguished men, one of the guests remarked to another that he thought it very undignified in Americans to show honors to Englishmen which were not reciprocated in any kind. "Here, for instance," he said, "are Mr. Emerson and Mr. Bryant, who with Mr. Longfellow are the living chiefs and Nestors of American literature. But if they went to London, do you suppose that there would be a banquet of honor like this which is offered to an author who is by no means of corresponding rank in English literature? Why should we jump and gape so eagerly at every English celebrity?"

It was not at all clear that the assertion was correct. Certainly Longfellow's last visit to England was not unattended with tributes of honor and affection, and Lowell's honors are not due to his official rank so much as to his literary position. The other day, in unveiling the statue of Carlyle, Professor Tyndall said that he hoped to see a companion statue of Carlyle's great American friend, Emerson, while the Prince of Wales is chairman of a most distinguished committee to place a memorial of Longfellow in Westminster Abbey. Should Holmes cross the sea again to England he would find a cordial welcome, although whether it would take the form of a dinner would be a matter of taste. Undoubtedly English literary reputations are more widely diffused in this country than in England. But this is due to the fact that this is more distinctively a reading nation than the English, and to the other fact that, with some exceptions, the greatest masters of the literature of our common language at any period have been Englishmen. There is more general familiarity with the works and therefore a more general personal interest and curiosity about the authors.

The American, moreover, is franker and more accessible than the Englishman, and his admiration easily takes an enthusiastic form. The overwhelming ardor with which we welcomed the young Dickens forty years ago, and which he somewhat misappreciated, was characteristic of the good-natured generosity of the national temperament. We had resented sharply enough the comments of Captain Hall and Fiedler and Mrs. Trollope, but we hurried to greet Dickens, who had delighted us all, with our hearts in our hands. We have not lost the habit, even if the form of welcome be somewhat softened. And even were it true that there is no reciprocity of treatment, what then? The American welcome of distinguished English guests is not a *quid pro quo*, a Roland for an Oliver. We did not dine Mr. Froude because London had or had not dined Mr. Motley or Mr. Bancroft, nor was our welcome of Dickens and Thackeray a return for English civility to Washington Irving. If it were a question of manners merely—which it is not—we should not be troubled that somebody else has different manners, or even bad manners. A gentleman is not supposed to treat a clown politely, although the clown cannot behave like a gentleman. "I never give the wall to a blackguard," was not the remark of a gentleman. But the answer, "I always do," was worthy of Mecœnas.

The guest of the Froude dinner who was impatient of the honors to the historian because London would not honor a similar guest from our side, said bitterly that he did not understand why we should always care so much for what England thinks; why should we not be independent, and stand upon our own feet? But it was the guest himself who made his own bugbear. Nobody at the table but he cared whether England would or would not offer honors to an American author. Certainly no one else would have suggested that the practice, the courtesy, or manners of England under such circumstances should regulate ours. Ha! ha! Bah! bah! to you! is all that we should say. His own question turned back upon himself. Why should he care whether London would or would not do as New York does? If England would not choose to place a memorial of Longfellow in Westminster Abbey, should we therefore pull down the statue of Burns in Central Park? If England had ever refused to hear Bryant's lecture upon English poets, should America therefore stop its ears to Thackeray lecturing upon English humorists? It certainly seems that the guest who was afraid to do something because it might not be done in England was perilously near to caring for what England thinks, and in mortal danger of losing the independence that he commended.

It is, of course, comical to read of the enterprising reporter who boards the English steamer at Sandy Hook and asks the small English celebrity what he thinks of America. It is highly probable that even large American celebrities are not accosted in that manner as they sail up the Mersey, and that their opinions of men and things are not served up in the newspaper with the muffins or the crumpets of the London breakfast table. It is an undeniably vulgar intrusion upon any person, public or private, nobody cares a fig for the remark recorded. But it is only a fool who mistakes the division of this restless energy of competition and enterprise, which have done a great deal for our rapid civilization. It takes other but similar forms. To ask a small celebrity upon his landing how he likes the country is a [illegible] intended to satisfy the same kind of love [illegible] mere gossip which is gratified by seeing in the same paper that Mr. and Mrs. [illegible], of whom the public has never heard, and of whom there is no reason whatever to hear, have arrived at Newport or have left Saratoga. It is significant as a symptom of increasing snobbery, and as an illustration of impertinence with private affairs.

Such excesses may be condemned but not be cause they manage the matter differently in England. The "interview" as such, would be no more or less tolerable because it was the practice of an English practice. When it is proper and serviceable, it is none the less so [illegible] it is an American and not an English custom. And in the same way, O dinner guest, a spontaneous expression of real regard and admiration for any English author at a time large or small, is honorable and graceful, whether London would do likewise or not.

A Man Who Had Nine Wives

An old gentleman residing in Simmons Gap, Ky., has about as wide, varied and full an experience of domesticity as any man since the days of King Augustus II of Poland. This happy man, who has attained the patriarchal age of 80 years, has had the extreme felicity of being married nine times, and it is the ninth wife who is at present solacing (we can't say his declining years, because there is no knowing the potentialities of a man who has displayed such hardihood—but who is at any rate the present mistress of Simmons's Gap. For in wives alone has this fine old gentleman been well and extensively endowed. Fifty-three persons are entitled to call him papa, and at a recent family gathering over 300 of his descendants were present. —*Hop. (Ky.) Monitor.*

John Day found a stretch of the Colorado trail without a bar. He set up one in a tent forthwith, and few travelers could get past without yielding to the unexpected temptation. He made money fast and kept it in a tin box which was under the counter when he was awake and his pillow when he slept. The other day he was found with half a dozen bullet holes in his head and all the profits gone.

AMONG ROAD AGENTS.

A Young Man's Recollections of a Night's Ride in the Arkansas Mountains.

THE PROFESSOR'S $1100 HAT

Those Hollow Roots Worn by the New Orleans Broker, Who was not Such a Bad Fellow After all Said and Done

St. Louis Democrat

[illegible] Van Buren Ark [illegible] to Alma on the Fort Smith and Little Rock railroad. The [illegible] the virgin forests of Western Arkansas all over two ranges of mountains replete with the most beautiful scenery [illegible] for nearly a hundred miles.

[illegible] springs and [illegible] the hardships of the long [illegible] and return [illegible] I transferred my effects [illegible] at the [illegible] my [illegible] began.

There were two other passengers. One was a [illegible] of dignified [illegible] who [illegible] professor while the other wore a flannel checkered overshirt and his pantaloons were tucked into a pair of heavy coarse boots evidently a laborer. The professor explained that he was employing his summer vacation in securing specimens with which to enrich his geological and botanical collections. We reached the summit of the first range of mountains just at sunset and paused until the sun sank beneath the horizon, the most gorgeous scene I ever witnessed. No one can boast of having seen a glorious sunset until he has viewed one from a mountain top on a clear summer evening. We resumed our journey and directly the moon arose like a great ball of fire that lighted up mountains and valleys with indescribable beauty. I had taken my seat on the box with driver, that I might the better enjoy the view and at the same time escape the jargon of the professor, who was focusing his learning upon our friend of the checkered shirt.

In making a steep ascent we passed along a very narrow ledge overlooking a chasm so deep that the light of the moon failed to penetrate the cavernous darkness. We paused to the awful grandeur of the scene, and while the professor's head was stuck out of the window in silent admiration his silk hat fell off, struck the ground, bounced over the brink and disappeared from view in the darkness below. He jumped out and appeared as though inclined to follow it and begged us in the most pitiful manner to get it for him. Considering the trivial loss of the hat his anxiety appeared most ridiculous. We finally discovered it caught in some bushes ten feet below and entirely beyond reach. Upon the professor's offering $25 for its recovery the driver took the reins from his horses, tied them together and securing one end to a tree and the other around his body let himself down and presently appeared with the hat to the great joy of the owner, who cheerfully paid the reward. He then explained that he had been hoarding up two years salary in anticipation of this summer's excursion and, as we all seemed honest friends, he did not mind saying that he had $1100 sewed in the lining of the hat. Renewing our journey about midnight we reached the summit of the Boston mountains, where we changed horses and ate supper. The stages going and returning usually met in the valley about six miles beyond this point, and not more than ten days previous to this time both stages had been waylayed and robbed. But the robbers had been subsequently captured on the Iron Mountain railroad. We discussed the incident and congratulated ourselves that the band had been broken up, and that we were in no danger of being called upon to part with our valuables. Starting with a fresh team we rattled down the long rocky descent at a lively rate, crossed the valley and our team settled down into a walk as they began the ascent on the other side. Suddenly from behind a tree sprang an object that seized the reins of the horses while from behind another appeared a man with a shotgun. Promptly at the word of command our hands went above our heads. Advancing closer and keeping us within range, he called out:

"Pitch down that mail and express and be quick about it."

The driver appeared paralyzed with fear, while I replied as coolly as I could under the circumstances, as the fellow was very near and the bore of his gun looked fearfully large:

"We have no treasure on board."

At the same time I was swaying from side to side to keep out of range.

"Does she look like a couple of cannon?" said the fellow holding the horses with an ugly grin.

"Yes," said I, recollecting an almanac joke I had read many years ago, "I can read the advertisements on the wadding."

"Come, no nonsense," growled the other, "kick down the treasure or I'll drop you off o' there."

As he would not allow me to use my hands I kicked out the mail bags and other plunder in the boot. While he was examining the booty I managed to get out of my vest pocket a small roll of bills, all I had, and again throwing up my hand succeeded in getting it down between my neck and collar. The fellow disappointed at not finding anything of value, declared that we had valuables concealed about us and ordered us on the ground. We all obeyed and stood in a line with our hands still elevated and the villain covered us with his gun while his partner went through our pockets. From the professor he secured a microscope and a pocket knife, from our passenger in the boots seventy cents and a piece of tobacco, while I unfortunately had nothing but a tooth pick.

"You paupers!" exclaimed he with the gun in disgust, "you're hardly worth killing, so we'll let you tramp into town as rich as when you first came into the world. Pull off every rag you have and be quick about it or I may conclude to waste a little powder and lead on you."

At this the man in the checkered shirt exclaimed:

"Our duds won't be worth much to you, but if you will examine the lining of that fellow's hat, you'll find some money."

The professor collared the fellow, but the robber pulled him away and taking the hat found the $1100, which so pleased them that they graciously told us to go where we wished. Indignant at the traitorous conduct of the renegade we refused to let him ride with us and left him. We reached Alma just too late for the train and were obliged to lay over till the next day. In the evening as the professor and I were sitting in the office of the hotel to our surprise in walked the fellow that had acted so basely, looking more like a letter for his long tramp. Coming toward us he begged us for heaven's sake to give him a few minutes in a private room as he had something of great importance to communicate. There was such an impressive earnestness in his manner that we yielded a reluctant assent. We went to my room and after closing the door he sat down and drew from a pocket of which he took off his [illegible] and then produced a long, thin package wrapped in oil skin.

"Here, gentlemen," he said, "are five one thousand dollar bills and I have the same number in my [illegible] that boot. Had those scoundrels carried out their intention of stripping us I would have been ruined. Allow me to hand you two thousand dollars for the eleven hundred you lost through me. Under the circumstances as they appeared I cannot blame you for the thirty mile walk you forced me to take."

He then explained that he was a broker from [illegible] returning to New Orleans from a visit and had assumed that rough garb in order to divert attention should he encounter robbers. Of course we complimented him on his presence of mind and sagacity and congratulated each other that we had escaped so fortunately.

A Georgia Solon

A member of the Legislature was at the theater last night and was drunk. Between acts two and three he deliberately drew his knife and cut the overcoat of a gentleman who happened to be near him. Then when an officer proceeded to arrest him, he contended that as a member such action was not legal although the Legislature had adjourned five or ten minutes previous to that time. The matter was finally settled by the member promising to pay for the coat.

LORNE AND LOUISE.

What a Canadian Letter Writer thinks of the Royal Inmates

Correspondence N. Y. Evening Mail

The [illegible] sentiment [illegible] a habit [illegible] was

[illegible] began popular [illegible] prin [illegible] and [illegible] public. She has taken [illegible] her [illegible] ancient [illegible] English [illegible] declines [illegible] that [illegible] parts of [illegible] part of her plan of [illegible] dame with whom I have talked [illegible] and well [illegible] attractive [illegible] cultivated woman [illegible] sweet [illegible] three little mishaps [illegible] to [illegible] that [illegible] one of the causes of her unpopularity [illegible] Canadian river a large crowd gathered on one of the wharves [illegible]

[illegible]

But the princess sulked in the cabin and persistently refused to show herself even for an instant. Her relations with her husband moreover have not been marked by the sweetness and confidence that we commonly attribute to the marriage relation. The match at last appears to have been in all respects one, and the pair seem to live in that condition of resignation and wicked neutrality which so often characterize state unions. In England, where the wife by her royal rank constantly takes precedence of her husband, the inequality of a union where the two were neither mated nor matched is still more conspicuous than here in Canada. Finally the princess has a reputation for close economy and thrift which her sisters share. A story which I have heard from very trustworthy sources about the Princess Beatrice will show this Victorian trait. It is said that she had contracted with a British publisher to bring out a book illustrated by her own sketches. After forcing him up to a price where he was in utter despair of any profits she added: "And now Mr. [illegible] if our book succeeds as well as we hope it will, I shall expect a handsome present from you besides."

THE QUEEN'S SON-IN-LAW

Lorne, while liked better personally than the princess, has not the character to excite enthusiasm. He is a handsome, wholesome looking young fellow who placidly accepts his position as figurehead, can make a fair speech, is exemplary in conduct and so good as almost to be goody. He has no marked individuality or mental gifts and now and then for his reason becomes the butt temporarily of the Canadian press. Last year, for example, when, during his stay in England he endeavored to promote the emigration of English women to Manitoba, some Canadian papers ridiculed him mercilessly, and intimated, half in fun, half in earnest, that he was affronting Canada when he questioned her ability to supply wives for her western pioneers. Lorne is shadowed also by the reputation of Lord Dufferin, whose personal and public qualities Canadians recall with affection and regret. Lord Dufferin's speeches, real masterpieces of rhetoric both as to theme and treatment of them, are still remembered and often quoted. These speeches by the way were by many supposed to be made almost off hand, but a gentleman intimately acquainted with the facts has told me that Lord Dufferin often rewrote them as many as four or five times and polished their phrase with a most critical hand.

CALHOUN.

John Wentworth's Congressional Reminiscences

Mr. Calhoun spoke like a college professor demonstrating to his class. His position was stationary and he used no gesticulation. His pale and livid countenance indicated the closet. His voice was neither attractive but very earnest. His eyes indicated quick perception. Starting with the most plausible premises, he would carry you irresistibly along with more plausible reasoning until you would be puzzled to know how much back track it was indispensably necessary for you to take to avoid conclusions which would make it difficult to tell the difference between your views and those of a South Carolina secessionist. After having heard all the senators speak, if a stranger should select the one, irrespective of doctrine, who came nearest a saint, he would select Mr. Calhoun, and such he is held to be throughout most of the south to this day. College professors in the south were his great admirers and taught his doctrines to their students. Educated clergymen and all fashionable society there lost no opportunities of manifesting their admiration of him. "Have you seen Mr. Calhoun?" "Do you think of leaving without seeing Mr. Calhoun?" were questions invariably asked by southern congressmen of their constituents visiting Washington, and Mr. Calhoun's prestige was so worked up that southern visitors, both gentlemen and ladies, were as much expected to call upon him as upon the president. At the time of his death he was gaining a strong foothold among the scholars of the north, who so much admired the [illegible] of his reasoning of his perception, comprehensive and analytic mind. Senator John P. Hale, of New Hampshire, once came to my seat and said: "I am going to astonish you. Mr. Calhoun has just brought to me a letter which he said he had just received from President Nathan Lord, of Dartmouth college, and asked me many questions about him and the college. He left me asserting that President Lord was one of the ablest thinkers and profoundest reasoners in the country. At that time President Lord was not only the head of the college, but of the Congregational denomination in New England. With a bravery worthy of a better cause he did what Mr. Calhoun's due raised to their natural sequence and he had to give up his position. No man ever exerted the influence upon this country that Mr. Calhoun did. All the calamities of the late war were the legitimate outgrowth of doctrines of which he was the father, and to which the sincerity of his devotion was manifested by his advocacy of them in his dying hour.

A RUSSIAN GENERAL'S EXCUSE.

He Explains Why He Received No Decoration

About eighteen months after the Russo-Turkish war, Nemirovitch Dantchenko, a Russian newspaper correspondent, was on his way to Moscow. His only traveling companion being a general. This personage [illegible] the modern facts secret [illegible] military men when they are [illegible] to be brought into contact with civilians. Mr. [illegible] relaxed, however, and I could [illegible] to enter into conversation. Yes, he had been in the war but had received no decoration. Why not? Oh, he had not had enough experience for these newspaper [illegible] That was the way to get promotion and [illegible] The conversation then turned on Skobeleff. The general had known him and [illegible] All Skobeleff's fine deeds and bravery had been invented by that fellow Nemirovitch Dantchenko. He had got drunk one day and the idea came into his head. Then the general knew Nemirovitch personally? Oh yes! He had known him well, had seen him rolling about drunk. The civilian had ventured to say that he had heard that Nemirovitch Dantchenko was a total abstainer, but was flatly contradicted. When they arrived at their destination Nemirovitch Dantchenko could contain himself no longer.

"Most pleasant chat we have had together. May I have the honor of learning your name? Cards were exchanged. "Why," said the general, "your name is Nemirovitch Dantchenko! You are not the man who [illegible]?" "Yes, the very man." The general disappeared, and Nemirovitch Dantchenko has never had the opportunity of renewing his acquaintance.

Any live man can start an earthquake shock in a neighborhood. All he has to do is to ask people if they felt it, and imagination does the rest. —*Det. Free Press.*

CHILI COLORADO.

The Taken as Spice by Readers—Boiled Down Wisdom of Others

SAUCE FOR GOOSE AND GANDER

What Smarter Folks than we are Think of the Wicked World and Its Woeful Works and Ways.

A man [illegible]

Never [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Williamsport [illegible] Harrisburg

[illegible]

The [illegible] earthquake year but [illegible]

[illegible] hundred

The man with a [illegible]

It is the [illegible]

The [illegible]

[illegible]

The [illegible] for [illegible] generally [illegible] *Boston Globe*

Genius without tact is like a letter without a postage stamp. [illegible] all right, but the [illegible] bidding

This year in the main special [illegible] numbers of periodicals both foreign and domestic have been great successes

When credulity comes from the heart it does not harm the intellect. *Joubert* Coincidentally We're all heart.

The president can sympathize with the men he has bounced out of office. He has been there himself. —*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Fashion item: Ice cream is now served with a utensil shaped like a horseshoe. Society should kick at such an innovation.

The Pennsylvania railroad contemplates the introduction of hansoms in Pittsburg. Whoah! congratulate the smoky city in advance.

The musicians of Boston have resolved upon a fixed standard of pitch. This doesn't refer to the stories they tell about each other.

Harvard daily *Herald*: It is rumored that certain members of the class of '83 have decided to form a league of "total abstinence" from recitations.

An adaptation: "I know a very wise man who believed that if a man were permitted to do all the counting, he need not care who should do the voting."

It's an exasperation, that's all! We mean the snow. There isn't enough of it to enable the citizens to shovel it upon the horse-car tracks and have a slundy.

Shrewd, experienced Aleck McClure wisely counsels: "The man who wants to be the next president of the United States had better not bring himself out for a year yet at least."

Professor Tyndall says that the highest waves which a storm can kick up on any ocean will not measure over fifty-nine feet. The mountain-high statements must back water.

And this is what *The Christian Advocate* thinks: The bold dash made to unseat and destroy party bosses and brush away the scum may be the means of giving us a democratic president in 1884.

The other day a blind beggar going home after a hard day's work, picked up a piece of colored glass, and remarked in a low voice to his beggar companion that he was bound to see the transit anyhow.

There are 1,000,000 grown up people in this country who can neither read nor write, but when it comes to talking about the nonsense of our public school system they can make them selves heard half a mile away. —*Detroit Free Press.*

A Philadelphia preacher caught reading his sermon of the Sunday before explained that he only wanted to see if any of the congregation were sufficiently awake to notice it. The congregation dropped the subject. —*Philadelphia News.*

The gas men have given a young Yale mathematician at New Haven a pear. He has burned kerosene a month for the sake of his eyes and is considerably puzzled that his gas bill is $10 while that of a gas consuming neighbor is only $4.

A man was married not long ago who has since his marriage two stepfathers, one of them being his grandfather and father of the other stepfather. Who will tell us the relation his children will bear to his grandfather and two stepfathers?

The London *Lancet* says that the people who sneeze often are the healthiest. A sneeze sets the blood circulating and throws off a cold which is trying to settle. This medical opinion is evidently made in the interest of snuff and the public are not yet up to it.

Journalistic recruit: "Father, I wish to live so as to show the world my contempt for wealth," remarked a young philosopher, who was just recovering from the effects of a fifteen cent cigar. "That's easy enough," said the old man, "become an editor." —*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Somebody has recently unearthed the "first prayer in congress," made by Rev. Robert Duchet and it is almost enough to make a man forswear Christianity and chip in with Bob Ingersoll to compare that glowing prospectus with the beastly realization of to-day. —*Boston Journal.*

In Columbus, Ohio, a short while ago, the bachelor associates of a young bridegroom serenaded the bridal couple at midnight with a portable steam calliope. The toots aroused half the town. Among the presents displayed at the wedding of the same couple was a large cook stove.

The Chicago *Inter Ocean* publishes an article denying certain rumors that the management is to pass into other hands. Perhaps like the Cincinnati *Commercial* it thinks of consolidating, although the *Inter-Sue Medill* or the *Wilbur Story Ocean*, would scarcely bear a euphonious pronunciation. —N. Y. *Commercial Advertiser.*

A discovery which has been hailed as a miniature Pompeii in the center of France has been made in the neighborhood of Poitiers. A buried Gallo-Roman town has been found with the ruins of a temple 50 yards long by 70 broad, baths, theater, streets and houses. Sculpture in good preservation in bronze and earthenware are found. The town is thought to date from the second century.

From *The Traveler*: "Why did you name your paper *The Six Months?*" was asked of an Arkansaw editor. "Well, you see," he replied, "a fellow across the road then was running a paper called *The Year*, and knowing that most any farmer would rather subscribe for six months than a year, I took my chances on it [illegible] paper *The Six Months*."

Basil Walker said the *Washington Republic* a few years ago [illegible] with $50 in his pocket started for Colorado. He now owns a [illegible] ranch and is said to be [illegible] worth [illegible] His money was made on [illegible] speculation [illegible] is a very pretty story of its kind but it isn't [illegible] chance of [illegible] to pay car fare.

The French journals tell how [illegible] upon a [illegible] Dufferin [illegible] Eberhagen, who commanded [illegible] at Versailles [illegible] was [illegible] [illegible] duke [illegible] What [illegible] Three francs [illegible] "Why," [illegible]

[illegible] Marshal [illegible] Marchal [illegible] Mon Dieu! [illegible] *Paris Figaro*

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Letter of Credit, Bank of British Columbia, Portland, Or. 25,000

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No. 67 Stark St., Portland.

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OF CALIFORNIA.

FIRE ONLY.

Losses Paid Since Organization, $[illegible],334,633 44.

Losses Paid in Oregon in Six Years $162,363 29.

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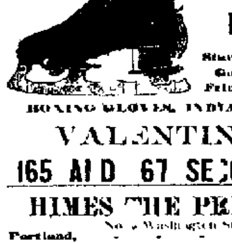
Importers and Dealers in

Toys, Fancy Goods & Novelties

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION



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SLEIGHS.

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Stars, Spangles, Gold and Silver Fringe and Braid.

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165 AND 167 SECOND ST.

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HIMES THE PRINTER

First class work in all branches of Printing and Binding. A large supply of reliable Legal Blanks always in stock, from which orders may be quickly filled. Especial attention given to Fancy Printing.

TRENKMAN & WOLFF,

MACHINISTS,
Corner F and Third Streets.
Housework, Doors, Railings, Iron Shutters and Machinery of all descriptions. Planing and Moulding Tools to order.

BANKS.

LADD & TILTON, BANKERS.

Transact a General Banking Business.

INTEREST allowed on Time Deposits.
COLLECTIONS made at all points on favorable terms.
LETTERS OF CREDIT issued, available in Europe and the Eastern States.
SIGHT EXCHANGE and TELEGRAPHIC TRANSFERS sold on New York, Washington, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco and [illegible] Washington Territory, Idaho and Montana.
EXCHANGE sold on London, Paris, Berlin, Frankfort and Hongkong.

WILLIAM REID, President.	**WILLIAM LOWE,** Cashier.

O. & W.

MORTGAGE SAVINGS BANK,

OF OREGON.

41 First Street, Portland.

INTEREST ALLOWED DEPOSITORS

Four	months 4	per cent.
Six	months 4	"
Nine	months 5	"
One year	6	"

FIVE MILLIONS OF DOLLARS, since 1874, loaned over Farms and City Properties.

AGENTS FOR AMERICAN MORTGAGE CO.

OF EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.

CAPITAL $2,000,000

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BANK OF OREGON,

Corner First and Ash Sts., Portland.

MAKES LOANS ON FIRST MORTGAGES OVER improved Farm Lands and Portland City Property in sums of five hundred dollars and upwards, also buys State, County and City Bonds and Warrants.

Interest Allowed on Time Deposits:

4 per cent per annum on 3 months' deposits
4½ per cent per annum on 6 months' deposits
5 per cent per annum on 9 months' deposits
6 per cent per annum on 12 months' deposits

dec1d&w ROBERT REID, Pres't.

D. P. THOMPSON, President	J. W. BRAZEE, Vice Pres't.	W. V. SPENCER, Cashier

The Portland Savings Bank,

OF PORTLAND, OREGON.

PAYS INTEREST ON DEPOSITS.

RATES—Three per cent per annum on deposits for three months, four per cent per annum on deposits for six months, six per cent per annum on deposits for twelve months.

Directors:

D. P. Thompson,	J. W. Brazee,	M. S. Burrell
Frank Dekum	J. N. Dolph	S. Hirsch
S. G. Skidmore,	Geo. W. Weidler,	W. V. Spencer
Wm. Burnell,	J. J. Shields,	F. S. Kearney
	R. M. Wade	

Union Block, Corner Second and Stark sts.

JAMES STEEL, President	W. C. JOHNSON, Vice Pres't.	J. A. STROWBRIDGE? Cashier

WILLAMETTE SAVINGS BANK

OF PORTLAND OR.,

No. 30 Washington Street.

PAYS INTEREST ON TIME DEPOSITS. Rates: Three per cent. per annum on deposits for three months, four per cent. per annum on deposits for six months and six per cent. per annum on deposits for twelve months.

DIRECTORS:

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John R. Foster	J. F. Watson,	J. K. Gill
W. C. Johnson,	James Steel	M. Wilberg
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FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF PORTLAND.

President .... HENRY FAILING
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LETTERS OF CREDIT issued, available in Europe and the Eastern States.
SIGHT EXCHANGE & TELEGRAPHIC TRANSFERS sold on New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis and San Francisco.
SIGHT and SIXTY DAY BILLS drawn in sums to suit on London, Paris, Berlin, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Hongkong.
COLLECTIONS made on favorable terms at all accessible points.

Bank of British North America.

INCORPORATED BY ROYAL CHARTER.

Paid Up Capital $5,000,000

HEAD OFFICE LONDON, ENGLAND.

BRANCHES in all the principal cities in Canada, and in New York, San Francisco and Chicago.
Drafts and Telegraphic Transfers bought and sold, Bills discounted and collected, Loans made.
Moneys received on special deposit or on current account, subject to cheque. Commercial Credits granted and a General Banking business transacted.
J. GOODFELLOW, Agent.

VAN B. DELASHMUTT, President	W. W. THAYER, Vice President.	GEO. P. HOGUE, Cashier

Metropolitan Savings Bank

OF PORTLAND, OREGON.

PAYS INTEREST ON DEPOSITS.

RATES—8 PER CENT PER ANNUM ON DEposits for three months, four per cent. per annum on deposits for six months, six per cent. per annum on deposits for twelve months.

Directors:

W. W. Thayer	E. D. Shattuck	VanB. DeLashmutt
C. H. Dodd	S. Farrell	Dr. F. Powers,
H. W. Scott,	John O'Connor,	G. P. Hogue

N. E. Cor. First and Stark Sts.

London & San Francisco Bank

(LIMITED.)

Capital paid up $2,100,000

Reserve Fund 390,000

HEAD OFFICE—22 Old Broad St., London.

BANKERS—Bank of England.
London Joint Stock Bank.

BRANCHES—San Francisco and Portland.

Agents and Correspondents in all the principal cities of the United States and Europe, India, Australia and China.
The Portland Branch is prepared to issue LETTERS OF CREDIT, available in any part of the world, and to transact every description of BANKING and EXCHANGE business.

W. MACKINTOSH, Manager.

Corner Third and Oak Sts.

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With power to increase to 10,000,000

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BRANCHES, Victoria, B. C., San Francisco and Portland.

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MEXICO and SOUTH AMERICA—London Bank of Mexico and South America.
IRELAND—Bank of Ireland.
SCOTLAND—British Linen Company.
England—National Provincial Bank of England.
LIVERPOOL — Bank of Liverpool; North and South Wales Bank.

This bank transacts a general banking business.
Deposits received on current account, subject to cheque. Approved bills discounted. Loans made on available security, and Collections made promptly.
Exchange sold on London, Liverpool, and on the principal towns and cities in Ireland and Scotland, from £1 upwards, also on all cities in Canada in sums to suit. Coin and Currency, Drafts and Telegraphic Transfers on New York and Chicago.
Commercial Credits granted, available in Europe, New York, China, Japan, South America, Australia and New Zealand.

FREDERICK TOWNSEND, Manager.

EDUCATIONAL.

PORTLAND BUSINESS COLLEGE,

THE NATIONAL [illegible]
[illegible] First Street, between Washington and Alder.
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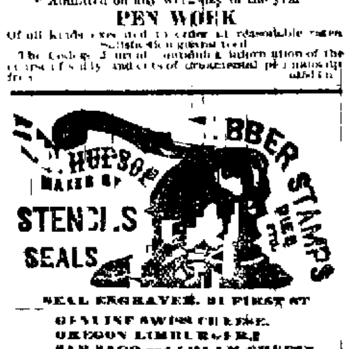

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OREGON LIMBURGER,
SAP SAGO and CREAM CHEESE
On hand and for sale.
C. A. BURCHARDT, 44 Washington St.

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Sole Agents for the
J. H. CUTTER OLD BOURBON WHISKY
AND OF
VAL BLATZ MILWAUKEE BEER.

LIVERY AND HACK STABLES.

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Incorporated with $100,000 Capital.

R. B. KNAPP, President. R. B. ACKER, Supt.
C. W. LEIBY? Sec'y.

This is a consolidation of the Oregon Transfer Co., a Carriages, Acker & Leiby's Carriages and the People's Transfer Co.
Will furnish carriages at reasonable rates for all outgoing and incoming [illegible] and outward railroad trains, [illegible] balls, parties and theaters, etc.
CHECKS at [illegible] Baggage at Hotels, residences and offices [illegible] the company.
TRANSFERS Trunks, Merchandise and Parcels to all parts of the city.
TRANSFER WAGONS Deliver Baggage from all incoming and outgoing trains and steamers.
FREIGHT Delivered or shipped promptly when Bills of Lading or orders are left with or consignments made to the company.
CHARGES Advanced on reshipments and deliveries made with dispatch.
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Office, 107 Second St., bet. Washington and Stark.

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FREIGHT FORWARDED & DELIVERED with Dispatch.

PIANOS AND FURNITURE MOVED.

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St. Lawrence Hotel & Restaurant,

Baker City, Or.
New Fireproof Building. Sample Rooms for Commercial Travelers.
SMITH & HANSEN, Prop'rs.

OREGON HOTEL,

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J. SALTZER & BRO., Prop'rs.

Free Transport to and from the house.

Board and Lodging per day	$1 00 to $1 25
Board and Lodging per week	5 00 to 6 00

According to room occupied.

BROWN'S RESTAURANT,

CENTRAL MARKET.

CHEAPEST and BEST.

Meals from 15c up.

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THE CLARENDON HOTEL IS AGAIN OPEN for the reception of guests, under the management of ZIEBER & McKINNEN.

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Rooms 49 and 50, Union Block,
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LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

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ALL KINDS OF LUMBER,

Dressed and Undressed Pickets, Laths, Shingles, etc.

Office and Yard—S. E. cor. Yamhill and Front streets, Portland, Or.

Spruce, Cedar and Moldings always on hand.

Established 1862.

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Manufacturers and Importers of Saddles, Harness, Bridles, Saddlery Hardware, etc., 108 and 110 Front St., east side. Good assortment of all kinds of Saddles and Harness made of No. 1 oak-tanned leather. Country orders solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

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Is to Trade what Steam is to Machinery.

PORTLAND THE COMMERCIAL EMPORIUM of the Northwest, being now connected by rail with the Great Interior, its merchants should place their business before the people.

The Walla Walla Statesman,

(DAILY AND WEEKLY)

Now in its Twenty-second Year, circulates in every town from the water to the mountains. It has the largest circulation east of Portland, and is therefore

The Best Advertising Medium.

Send amount of space and time required.
F. J. PARKER, Prop'r.

C. H. BACON,

Importer and Dealer in
Cumberland, Lehigh, Cannel & Domestic

COAL, CHARCOAL

AND FOUNDRY COKE.

Office: Fourth and E Sts.
Yard: F St., bet. Fourth and Fifth.
Portland, Or.
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DEALER IN

GROCERIES AND PRODUCE

Ship Stores, Garden and Grass Seed, Foreign and Domestic Fruits.
Corner Front and Washington Streets.

PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY.

THE

Oregon Oil Clothing M'f'g Co.

TERRAMORSE, RESING & BRODLE,

Factory: McMillen's Addition to East Portland.
Office and Sample Room: No. 92 N. First, cor. F Sts., Portland, Or.

We manufacture all kinds of Black and Yellow Oil Clothing, Oil Gossamers, Wagon and Horse Covers, Tents, Tarpaulins, etc.
Diploma awarded at Mechanics' Fair for superior make and finish. Our Duck Brand Clothing we warrant to be waterproof, will re-oil free of charge if not found as guaranteed.

WM. COLLIER,

MACHINIST,

And dealer in New and Second Hand Boilers, Steam Engines and Mill Machinery.

Madison Street, bet. Third and Fourth, Portland, Or.

TRENKMAN & WOLFF,

MACHINISTS,
Corner F and Third Streets.
Housework, Doors, Railings, Iron Shutters and Machinery of all descriptions. Planing and Moulding Tools to order.

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[illegible] F. ZANOVICH, M. P. BURRELL, C. M. WIBERG, Dr. [illegible] E. NOTTAGE, ANDREW ROBERTS, F. HOGAN, [illegible] EKHARDT

[illegible] RANCE. [illegible] INDEMNITY. [illegible] ERVE FUND LIFE [illegible] CIATION, [illegible] dway, New York. [illegible] e laws of the State of New York [illegible]

[illegible] NCE COMPANY [illegible] FRANCISCO. [illegible] MARINE. [illegible] Or. .... $50,000 [illegible] HURCH & CO., [illegible] AL AGENTS, [illegible] Manager.

OREGON [illegible] INE INSURANCE [illegible] MPANY.

[illegible] LONDON, [illegible] N and QUEEN [illegible] panies of London [illegible] verpool.

[illegible] ION [illegible] E COMPANY [illegible] D MARINE. .... $750,000. [illegible] and National Fire Insurance Cos. [illegible] lon Fire Insurance [illegible] of London. $10,000,000 150,000

[illegible] INSURANCE. [illegible] and Mersey Marine Insurance Co., [illegible] .... $10,000,000 [illegible] CHUYLER, Agent. [illegible] ND INSURANCE [illegible] MPANY. [illegible] .... 45,000,000. [illegible] BROWN, [illegible] NAGER [illegible] St., Portland. [illegible] RATED 1866. [illegible] l Insurance Co [illegible] LIFORNIA. [illegible] ONLY. [illegible] nce Organization, [illegible],633 44. [illegible] regon in Six Years [illegible],363 29. [illegible] ANCH OFFICE, [illegible] RY, Manager, [illegible] and Stark Streets, [illegible] & Tilton's Bank, [illegible] D OREGON

[illegible] E PRINTER, [illegible] Oregon.

[illegible] MES THE PRINTER

First class work in all branches of Printing and Binding. A large supply of reliable Legal Blanks always in stock, from which orders may be quickly filled. Especial attention given to Fancy Printing.

Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 28, 1883.

LATEST DISPATCHES.

GENERAL NEWS.

Union Pacific vs. Credit Mobilier.

NEW YORK, Jan. 27.—In the suit of the Union Pacific railroad company to open the default of the Credit Mobilier of America, the latter asserts that the claim is not a valid one; that the court was without jurisdiction, and that the statute of limitations has intervened. The answering affidavits of the Union Pacific company were read, in which they admitted that the company had 22,142 shares of the Credit Mobilier but denied that it controlled the latter company. The affidavits declared that the question at issue then had no relation whatever to the Massachusetts suit and denied that Mr. Gould's interests were with the Union Pacific company. The statement was also made that the Oakes Ames contract and the assignment of it to the plaintiff was made in this city and hence the cause of action began in this state.

The officials also denied that the judgment obtained in this suit was secured by fraud. The affidavit of Sidney Dillon, president of the Union Pacific company, set forth that the demand upon which this claim was based and the judgment obtained, were correct, and had not been paid, and it denied that any fraud existed in the procurement of this judgment. The affidavit of Jay Gould was read stating that he was the president of the Credit Mobilier and a director of the Union Pacific company; that he owned some of the stock of the latter at present, but not to such large extent as he had formerly. Mr. Gould asserted that the treasury of the Credit Mobilier did not contain any money, and there were no available assets at the time of the bringing of this action. He inquired into the nature of the claim, and he thereupon satisfied himself that it was a just one and that no just defence could be made. He says that this was the only reason he did not defend the action. After arguments from counsel on both sides the papers were submitted and decision reserved.

Clearing House Returns.

NEW YORK, Jan. 27.—Clearing house exchanges for the week show the following changes this week over the corresponding week of last year: Gains in business transactions at St. Louis, 5.6 per cent., Chicago, 14, San Francisco, 17.3, Springfield, 11.5, Lowell, 19.1, Baltimore, 7, Syracuse, 13.2, New Orleans, 12.

LOSSES.

Pittsburg, 12.5, Louisville, 8.4, Kansas City, 8.1, Hartford, 7.7, New Haven, 2.4, Memphis, 30.1, Columbus, 1.2, Portland, 2.7, Worcester, 21.1, New York, 25.7, Boston, 7.7, Chicago, 9.8, Cincinnati, 3.2, Milwaukee, 4.5, Providence, 4.7, Cleveland, 10.6, Indianapolis, 5.4, Peoria, 11.2.

The last week presents very unusual changes, and the comparison is altogether more favorable than it was for the three previous weeks. Causes may be suggested as explaining, at least in part, the unusual changes observed, first, that there has been considerable rise in prices of soil products, notably wheat, corn, petroleum and tobacco, and a fall in some others; then there was a great change in the weather from the second to the third week of the month, indicating greater activity in many branches of trade. A more potent cause, perhaps, is that there has been a decided revival of speculative activity both in products and in stocks, and we are not threatened with a relapse of the fever which raged so violently at the close of last year. Examination of the effect of such dealings here upon exchange, appears in some degree corresponding, have been reported from other cities where certain branches of trade are important. We are decidedly enabled to see in this an evidence of improvement in financial health. It seems to indicate that the speculative force is as strong as ever, though it was temporarily restrained about the close of the old year by monetary necessities incident to that season.

The Upper Ten.

NEW YORK, Jan. 27.—The *Times* says: Mrs. Vanderbilt, widow of the commodore, entertained a party of friends at luncheon yesterday at her residence, No. 10 Washington place. The luncheon was tendered to Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt, who is about to depart for California. The guests were Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mrs. H. McK. Twombley, Mrs. Crawford, Mrs. Barnswe, Miss Vanderbilt, Mrs. Frederick W. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Barton, Mrs. Read and Mrs. Elliott, of Shepard, who will accompany Mrs. Vanderbilt to California, and Mrs. Root and Mrs. Duster. Each lady was presented with a boquet of roses tied with satin ribbon upon which her name was embroidered in gold. An elaborate menu was served by Clark.

Philadelphia Gas Trust Frauds.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 26.—In connection with the alleged gas trust frauds it is stated to-night that warrants are out for the arrest of ex-Auditor Robt. B. Morrill, of the Seventh street office; Ex-Clerk Taylor, Morrill's assistant; Jas. T. Smith, Auditor of the Spring Garden street office; Henry Warren, formerly in the Spring Garden street office; Maj. Goodman, present receiver of the West Philadelphia office, and Martin Cress, gas bill clerk of the Seventh street office. Ex-Auditor Morrill is the only one known to have fled.

The Pride of Missouri.

KANSAS CITY, Jan. 27.—Frank James will not offer bail at present, he preferring to remain in jail at Independence. It appears that he is wanted elsewhere on more serious charges than that of robbery, now pending against him, and if released would probably be re-arrested and taken elsewhere. Gov. Crittenden has stated that he will not honor a requisition for James until the charges against him by the state of Missouri are disposed of.

Ships Aground.

DUNKIRK, Jan. 26.—Ship Forfarshire, from San Francisco via Queenstown, grounded when entering this port. She will have to lighten to get out.

HULL, Jan. 26.—The bark Delaware from San Francisco via Falmouth, grounded when entering this port. She will probably come off at next tide.

Lake George Races.

WHITEHALL, N. Y., Jan. 27.—Lake George Races—The unfinished 2:30 class race was won by Judge Davis. Time of last heat, 2:26; Crown Point Maid, second; Ellen, third. In the 2:35 class Billy Sheridan won the first heat in 2:24; Nannie Russel the next three. Time, 2:23, 2:22, 2:24.

Very Badly Scared.

OGDEN, Jan. 27.—The six Chinamen who were locked in the water tank by train robbers at Montello, and who ran ten miles through the snow after release freezing their feet badly, were brought to this city to-day and were scarcely able to stand.

Coal Train Wrecked.

KNOXVILLE, Jan. 27.—A coal train was wrecked on the Knoxville and Ohio railroad, just north of this city. Wiley Wright, engineer, had both legs cut off, and a man named Bonham had an arm severed.

Aid for Ireland.

LONDON, Jan. 26.—A gunboat has gone to Innismurray Island, Ireland, with provisions for the inhabitants, who are reported starving.

Toledo Opera House Burned.

TOLEDO, Ohio, Jan. 26.—The opera house burned to-night. Loss $45,000; insurance $30,000.

Fire Brick Works Destroyed.

BUFFALO, Jan. 27.—Hall & Co's fire brick works are burned. Loss $10,000; insured.

SPORTING NOTES.

Pugilistic Circles.

NEW YORK, Jan. 27.—Richard K. Fox telegraphed to Mace and Slade to come here forthwith, it having been agreed between him and Mace that at the ceremonial benefit to be tendered the latter at Madison Square July 20th, Fox will offer $1000 to any man in the world (Sullivan preferred) who will beat Mace in four rounds, Queensbury rules. He will also offer to match Mace to spar any man in the world for four rounds for $2000. Slade will also be present and prepared to clinch a match with Sullivan to fight in the prize ring for two thousand dollars. The exhibition on this occasion, should Sullivan fail to avail himself of the opportunity to meet Mace, will be between Jem and Slade, and will afford sports an opportunity to judge for themselves of the merits of the new comer in the pugilistic arena.

IN CAUCUS.

The Republican Senatorial Caucus for Personal Reasons, Agree to Change the Tariff.

SPECIAL DISPATCHES TO THE OREGONIAN.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 27.—It has been [illegible] within the last three or four days [illegible] the tariff bill [illegible] protective policy [illegible]. The [illegible] caucus of [illegible] senators [illegible] with [illegible]. The caucus was in no sense a harmonious one. [illegible] were [illegible] as well as a number of the [illegible] who [illegible] the measure.

Conger, who is [illegible] on the free list last session, [illegible] denounced the bill. He said a great injury had been done his constituents and he said that it would be impossible for him to vote for the bill in its present shape.

Allison and the Michigan senators [illegible] upon a selfish party [illegible] of the necessity for a tariff revision and the impossibility of securing it without harmonious and united party action involving personal sacrifice and generous compromise.

Logan called Allison to account [illegible] dictate to a brother senator the manner in which he should exercise his judgment, or censure him for action in conserving the best interests of his constituents. Logan was especially severe upon the finance committee, expressing a belief that the members had, in making up the bill, subserved their own especial interests to the exclusion of every other. He warned the committee that if they expected to secure their individual interests in the bill without regard to the desires of other senators they were greatly mistaken.

Recess was taken until the afternoon, when the caucus again met. There was a much better feeling displayed at the afternoon meeting. Speeches were made by Senators Hoar, Ingalls, Aldrich, Anthony, Morrill, Sherman and others and a resolution was adopted providing that no adjournment should be taken any day while the bill is under consideration except on the motion of the senator having it in charge, and not then unless substantial progress is made with the schedule under consideration. The caucus also agreed that a duty should be ultimately reimposed on lumber to placate Conger, duty on pig iron should be increased to $6.72 per ton to please Mahone, and Sherman's duty on bituminous coal should be increased to 75 cents per ton, the commission rate being 50 cents. This item, it is expected, will catch both of the West Virginia senators. It is believed there will be certainly five democratic votes for the bill.

WASHINGTON CITY.

Probable Course to be Pursued by the Utah Commission.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 26.—The Utah commission is to meet here to-day, but the chances are against a quorum being present and Judge Pettigrew, one of the commissioners, on the floor of the senate to-day, said that just at present there was not a great deal for the commissioners to do. They will go to Utah in the early part of spring and prepare for the election, when members of the legislature will be chosen. A great deal, Judge Pettigrew says, will be depended upon the temper of that legislature. If it shows a disposition to pass laws in harmony with those of the federal government no more vigorous legislation could be asked for. If, however, there is a disposition shown to antagonize the federal government the probabilities are that a move will be made to deprive the Mormons of all political power. The class of citizens in Utah, known as gentiles, Judge Pettigrew says, are now insisting that the government of the territory be placed in the hands of the commission, and such extreme legislation may be expected to arise, which will make such a course necessary.

Judge Pettigrew says the information he has is the amendments now pending in the senate to Edmunds' bill, creating the Utah commission, will be adopted at this session. The most important of those amendments is one which requires the record of all marriages to be kept. Polygamists say they have no such record now in their endowment house. If there is a record of this kind, the government has never been able to get at it, and consequently has never been able to convict Mormons of bigamy although guilty of that crime. Judge Pettigrew says the temper of the Mormons seems to be at present to give up their political rights rather than give up their institutions of polygamy. Very few polygamists registered at the last election. Judge Pettigrew says that of 3500 registered votes he does not believe 35 were polygamists. Polygamists did not register because the Mormon papers and leaders desired to avoid a conflict of any kind, and they advised against registration. Judge Pettigrew expresses the opinion that the evil of polagamy would gradually cure itself. Young men, if educated, do not take kindly to it, and only the older cling to it tenaciously. Heretofore nine-tenths of the offices were filed by polygamists. Under the Edmunds' law this class are shut off. The educated young men of the Mormons do not like this condition of affairs. They prefer offices to polagamy. Judge Pettigrew says the next election will test the efficacy of Edmunds' plan.

The Grand Jury Refuse to Indict Foreman Dickson.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 26.—The grand jury to-day refused to find an indictment against William Dickson, foreman of first star route jury. It seems the grand jury concluded the charges of soliciting a bribe brought against him were not sustained. His friends gave him quite a reception to-night. Dickson, of course, thinks he has been persecuted by the attorney general and the counsel for the government in the star route cases. In this connection a story is told to-night that may or may not have a basis of truth. It is that the true reason for Mr. Angers' dismissal from the office of postmaster of this city has never been told until the present time. It is alleged that the attorney general advised his dismissal because he would not comply with the requests contained in two letters sent by the attorney general to Mr. Anger. One of the requests was that Frank A. Fall, who at the time was acting as agent of the department of justice, be permitted to read letters addressed to Mrs. Howgate, the wife of the absconding captain. The other request was that the same agent of the department of justice be permitted to read the letters addressed to Thos. F. Brady.

Woman's Suffrage Convention.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 26.—The Woman's Suffrage convention adopted resolutions declaring that woman suffrage means stable institutions, happy homes, equal wages and equality and purity for men and women. Also denouncing reforms in the civil service a dishonest pretense, unless women are graded in the service the same as men; denouncing the proposition to disfranchise the women of Utah for no crime whatever, as an evil display of power which lies in might alone, and asserting that women should be given a ballot to preserve the integrity of society and the permanence of the American constitution.

FRANCE.

Why Ex-Empress Eugenie Left France.

PARIS, Jan. 27.—Imperialists declare the ex-empress was not requested to quit France, but left only because she feared the marks of sympathy she received might develop into a political demonstration and thereby compromise her friends. Among her visitors here were Marshal McMahon and Count Robert.

The *Standard* correspondent has information that the ex-empress expressed to Prince Napoleon her general approbation of the terms of the prince's manifesto, but added thereto a recommendation that he should formally renounce his claims as heir to the Bonapartes in favor of Prince Victor, and so seal the union of imperialists' party and confirming their testament to the prince imperial. Just before the ex-empress departed a young priest pushed his way through a crowd of friends surrounding the ex-empress' carriage, and after kissing her hand respectfully he whispered to her for a few moments. He then withdrew and [illegible] another priest, with whom he left the station. The incident caused some sensation, as no one seemed to know who the young priest was.

Prince Jerome's Trial.

PARIS, Jan. 27.—The magistrate conducting the inquiry in the case of Prince Napoleon states that sufficient cause is shown for further proceedings.

A LETTER FROM PARIS.

Scenes and Sights about the Gay French Capital at Christmas.

LITERARY AND DRAMATIC NOTES.

A Portland Lady's Observations in and about the World's Metropolis during the Holidays, and What Looks Odd to an American.

PARIS, Dec. 21, 1882.

[illegible] the new [illegible] of [illegible] Sarah Bernhardt-Damala, in which [illegible] Fedora [illegible] the name [illegible] Paris [illegible] journals [illegible] Brazil, of $15,000, [illegible] representations; [illegible] has [illegible] and remained faithful to the engagement at which she had formed, with her compatriot M. Sardou to play Fedora in the provinces with P. Berton as her support in the character of Louis Ipanoff. Then she is to receive for each representation of which there will be one daily, 5000 francs. As M. Sardou has 15 per cent. of the run here, his gain will be about 200,000 francs.

He has already sold the play for England and the provinces for 110,000 francs, and his arrangements are already completed for all parts of the continent, even to Norway; one may boldly declare that Fedora will bring its author nearly half a million. Sardou would have been astonished had this prediction been made at the time when all the theaters refused his "Queen Cleofe." Bernhardt herself says, in a letter to the editor of *Le Gaulois*: "I was to have played 'Daniel Rochat.' I had the promise of the author, but M. Perrin preferred Mlle. Bartet; thence came my quarrel with La Comedie Francaise. I had scarcely given in my resignation when M. Bertrand offered to engage me for the Vaudeville. I accepted, under the express condition that I should commence with a comedy of Sardou's. The director and the author welcomed this fixed idea of mine in the most eager manner. Two months after I left for England, from there for America. But one returns always even from the end of the world; I returned, and, faithful to his promise and relying upon mine, Sardou awaited me with his manuscript. I read it, and fairly leaped with joy. Finally, for the first time, I had a part, a true part. This work of Sardou's strikes and bewitches me with its altogether personal tone. The interest never weakens. In proportion as the rehearsal advances, the proceedings enlarge, the horizon develops, so that the space in which it is being enacted seems too contracted, and we wish the walls to recede, the furniture to disappear, in order to give to the increasing action more air and more room. For me Fedora is a second creation of woman. Eve, the creation of God, was a woman. So at least do I understand the role. Fedora is the impersonation (incarnation) of all charms and of all feminine defects. To render the conception of the author, one must be at the same time coquettish as a Sclavonian, violent as a Spaniard, amorous as an Italian, refined as a Frenchwoman, and of English race and blood; a fallen angel with white wings. I have tried to be all this, and for the first time my having traveled so much has been of service to me, for I have been able to take all these types from life." (Could she find none from America?) "Have I labored much over this part? Night, my favorite time, may bear witness to me; my chambermaid can give me the clue. My greatest difficulty is, not to render sensations, the penetrations of the type, but the mechanical labor. In the pronunciation for example I am to rid myself of my too great natural volubility, and I succeed by a slow diction spelling, so to speak, the text word by word. There are words which offer a true obstacle like the word "solennel." I repeat this ten, twenty, a hundred times in succession, and the difficulty is conquered you will see! What I have most to overcome is fright—a *blue* fright (stage) which stifles me at the first representation, and takes from me the greater part of my force. The consciousness that I have of this fear, this *trac*, paralyzes me yet more. Then I press my teeth, I fall back into my sin of volubility, my diction goes post speed, and I give to the T's and to the D's German inflexions, the shockingness of which I am myself sensible of. But a fault confessed is half pardoned, and I rely on the indulgence of the public." It is all very pretty and frank in her to say this of herself, but woe to the one who should say it of her!——of her whose voice is said to have the sweetest notes of all the birds, and to whose pronunciation it is an exquisite delight to listen. If I have not succeeded in giving you all her shades of meaning, you will remember I translate from a foreign language. And I have dwelt thus lengthily on her own idea of the play because I believe it will possess an interest for your readers, in advance of the world-wide reputation which is predicted for it. We have not yet succeeded in getting a seat at the Vaudeville, to hear and judge for ourselves so great is the demand, but hope to do so through influential parties before long. Hoping by this time I may have created a desire for a sketch of the play I will give it concisely as possible.

Fedora wishes to avenge her lover, Count Vladimir, whom she believes to have been assassinated in a nihilist ambuscade, by Louis Ipascoff. She watches, denounces and gives him up to the justice of the czar, and when she has completed this sacrifice to the manes of Vladimir, she discovers that Louis is innocent, and that it is he whom she loves—that Vladimir had already deceived her on the eve of their marriage. By her revelations it is found that she has killed the brother of her Louis, Valerian Ipascoff, arrested as an accomplice and drowned in a sudden flow of the Niva, which inundated his dungeon. The mother of Louis, not being able to survive the tragic death of her son, died of grief. Louis Ipascoff curses, though he loves her, and she poisons herself in a cup of tea. He pardons then; but it is too late. Fedora is dead. Long live Sarah!

Yes, as *Le Gaulois* says, "Long live Sarah!" I tell you in all truth what she has just shown us is prodigious. I call upon those who remember Rachel; those whose eyes have been moistened by Marie Dorval. Sarah Bernhardt in Fedora is the equal of the greatest and the most unresistable! Certainly if we wish to criticise, there are defects of diction, words which escape her, articulations sometimes incomplete, sometimes exaggerated. But the whole is unique. It is life, truth, passion, nature itself. Fedora is all the piece, and from act to act, from scene to scene, we ascend with her the degrees of anguish to the top of the mountain of grief, which a new agony crowns.

Berton, the partner of Sarah, is admirable from one end to the other of the 4th act, and in many passages throughout the rest of the drama, but what a pity that this elegant and true comedian should be always too much moved to speak distinctly. Were I to attempt any description of the dresses of the Bernhardt, I should soon exhaust the Frenchman's vocabulary—splendide, magnifique, pretty good!" But one I will endeavor: Chinese crape, embroidered with white flowers, lined with rose-colored satin and trimmed with sable; a necklace of clusters of grapes in pearls and diamonds; at the waist a large buckle of brilliants, and a brooch of diamonds fastening a crape scarf on the shoulder. The little Byzantine jewel which contains the poison that Fedora swallows is a veritable marvel, and it is said it was Sarah's own conception. A fan [illegible] decorated at each arm with four large pearls and covered with diamonds [illegible]. Sarah's dressing room was a veritable green house, and her little parlor was [illegible] with flowers. Bouquets from London, Paris, St. Petersburg, and Vienna. A grand lady of Austria had sent by lightning express a magnificent gilded chariot, in which were heaped flowers in a dozen different patterns, [illegible] birds [illegible].

[illegible]

Yesterday took place the funeral of Louis Blanc [illegible]. The body was placed upon the funeral car which served for M. Thiers. This car drawn by six horses [illegible] all adorned with three statues, Faith, Hope and Charity, but out of respect to Louis Blanc, who," the *Gaulois* says, "did not believe in anything, I suppose," the religious decoration had been removed from the car, but if the statues had remained they could not have been seen for the flowers. Each delegation had brought a wreath, probably a hundred, to which should be added a hundred more from private individuals. Opposite the Louvre a banner was floating upon which was inscribed, "Liberty, Equality!" while not far off was a delegation of English workmen, endeavoring to join the cortege. Before the cemetery troops were collected to repress a multitude of people, many of whom succeeded in gaining access to Pere-la-chaise by scaling the walls.

At the grave a very singular letter from Victor Hugo was read, which is causing so much comment among the different parties, royalist, republican and socialist, that it may not be amiss to give extracts from it here:

"The death of a man like Louis Blanc is a disappearance; a light is extinguished, we are overcome with a sadness which resembles dejection. Dejection has but a short time; believing men are strong; to live is to hope. A light is extinguished, but the source of light remains. Men like Louis Blanc are necessary; they reappear when they should; their work cannot be discontinued. They make a part of life itself, of humanity. Let us mourn, then, for Louis Blanc, but let us hope. Let us mourn for him, but let us have confidence. At this moment, in that better world where he is, he listens to us, and he approves us. He wished good and he did it; he was eloquent and he was excellent. Historian, he taught; orator, he convinced; philosopher, he enlightened. Let us do honor to his remains; let us venerate his memory, and let us accept his immortality. Such men we repeat, must die, it is nature's law. And they must endure, it is the heavenly law. Nature makes them. The republic wishes them. What is the republic? It is man! What is nature? It is God! Beings like Louis Blanc are supreme consciences. They pass through life and have but one preoccupation, (i. e., to do a double duty. Before history, facts, incidents, catastrophes, events, revolutions, to serve the people! Before God, to love them!" The *Constitutionnel* says of this "role of Louis Blanc:" "And here we are eleven years after the assassination of the hostages and the burning of Paris! The chamber of deputies and the senate cause to be celebrated, at the expense of the nation, the obsequies of a man who defended himself, as from an infamous action, against voting thanks to our brave soldiers for having, at the peril of their lives, drawn the capital of France from the bandits who terrorised over it. To the sole, energetic protestation against the vote of the deputies, is that of a man who declares the dead unworthy of this honor, because after the 18th of March he remained at Versailles! What would the founder of the 3d republic, M. Thiers, say if, having lived to this day, he should be present at so mournful and so humiliating a spectacle!"

Many of the daily papers find this word God very strange from the lips of Victor Hugo, and an imperialist organ thus writes: "The republic drives God from the schools, persecutes and expels the religious! Victor Hugo comes to say, 'God is in the depths of nature.'"

A few days since two new elections were made at the French Academy, and, according to custom, the newly elected with their sponsors, the director and secretary of the academy, were to breakfast at the presidency. An opposing journalistic squib says: "It will be necessary to add four eggs to the habitual bill of fare, and butter is dear!"

In your SUNDAY OREGONIAN of the 19th of November, the first that has reached us, I see mention is made of Clara Gambetta, as the niece of the "ex-dictator." She is the cousin, not the niece of Gambetta, and has just made her debut here at the Palace Theater as a singer. I enclose you the popular song of the day, which she gave on her first appearance, "Me V'la," which may amuse some of your readers.

To-day (the 4th) is memorable both for England and France. There it is a day of mourning for the royal family—the anniversary of the death of Prince Albert. All the members in England of the family go to Windsor to be present at a commemorative service. The queen, according to her custom, passes a portion of the day alone in her apartment—a privilege we should hope she might occasionally be able to command on other occasions less sad. Here, again, my letter must speak of the distinguished dead! At noon, from the beautiful church of the Madeleine took place the funeral of M William Galignani, the last of the Galignani. With him the name disappears, or would, if not retained in Galignani's *Messenger*, and the hospital Galignani at Corbeil. Galignani's *Messenger* dates from 1814. It is a "*trait general*" a bond of union between France and England, something like "a friendly tunnel which unites our continent to the isle of our neighbors" says the press. "The house, an English colony, situated under the arcades of rue Rivoli, where the English traveler finds himself at home in Paris. John Galignani, the father, recently deceased, was an Italian, or of Italian origin, and married an Englishwoman. Messrs. Antoine and William, their sons, made but one household, though with many homes, where everything was in common. Hospitable and full of cordiality they kept open house and table, especially in the street [illegible], where they received most of the great artists of the period, Grisi, Lablache, Romani, Mario, Mme. Albertazzi, Thalberg, Seligman, and in especial, Tulou, the "self-made man," and the most intimate friend of the house. He was the Paganini of flute, and as celebrated for fishing as for playing. This story is related of him at Paris: "He was with his friends, the brothers Galignani, Bob and Billy, as they were intimately called. That day Tulou had thrown his line in vain, the fish would not bite. "What can you expect," said he to Antoine Galignani, who witnessed his ill luck, "These fish are cunning; they know my skill and are afraid of me. That is why I have caught nothing for two hours. Take my line, they will have no mistrust of you!" M. Galignani took the line and in a few minutes a superb fish was caught. "Well, my dear Tulou?" "My dear Galignani, this proves that you are only a green hand! The fish resumed confidence in seeing you in my place."

"These 'benevolent millionaires'" as they are called, scattered the proofs of their generosity in numberless directions, and they left many magnificent [illegible] scattered along the Seine. In estimating property, however, we have always to recollect that the French count their money in francs, the Americans in dollars, and we find the merchants here are always ready to take advantage of the fact in the prices we are charged. The two priced system is well recognized—one for the French; another and much greater for Americans.

After hunting a large part of Paris over for private board, and being almost invariably sent to the 5th story, with no aid from an "elevator" ("lift" in England "ascenseur" here), we have at length succeeded in finding ourselves at home with a family of refinement and culture, who do everything possible for our comfort and very much towards our progress in the language [illegible].

[illegible]

The grace, beauty and sparkle of that which so delights us from those with whom we have the [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] that is absolutely pathetic. With her shrill strident voice and abrupt manners she is nevertheless kindness, care and good will personified. From early her labors from morning to night without a moment's cessation she says, and says truly, *Mon ouvrage est mon devoir et mon plaisir!* "My work is my duty and pleasure." During a recent illness of mine of a few days she always found time for "*un petit cochon d'eau chaude*" at my feet (a jug of hot water,) a fire near my head, heavy curtains drawn before the windows, with a screen before the crack of the door, coverings piled upon the bed and tucked in, with constant offerings in the form of hot drinks (*tisanes*) some of which tender care had I not resisted, I should ere this have been steamed away to that better land. Our table is excellent and we like the French cookery as well as the arrangement and hours for meals, quite different from our own. As Madame is always courteously ready to explain to us the mysteries of the various dishes, we are not reduced to the unlooked for revelation that awaited Caleb Cushing, when sent ambassador to China. With gracious earnestness he accosted the waiter at table with this scenic question: "Quack? q-u-a-c-k?" and received an equally laconic reply accompanied with a shake of the head. "Bow-wow!!?"

Our first breakfast at 8:30, consisting only of coffee, boiled milk, bread and butter, may be taken in our own rooms or at table with madame. The second at 12:30, consists of the above with addition of meat hot or cold, with potatoes, afterwards fruit. Between four and five in the afternoon tea or coffee is sent to our rooms with cakes if we wish. Dinner, at 6:30 is too varied to describe—always soup; however, then the roast after, and never with the meat, vegetables, then dessert—claret at every meal but the early breakfast, as water with out it is considered unwholesome. We find ourselves so contented and well pleased that we have about given up our idea of going farther south this season. Not being willing to interrupt the work so well commenced, we have decided to make a study of this miniature world around us, especially as we learn that the cold of the short Parisian winter is about over by January, and that Paris, as spring comes on, is almost too beautiful for words, with its gay boulevards, trees, flowers, and charming environs. The house we are in occupying an entire block, with its myriads of apartments, on seven different stories, is on one of the widest and most beautiful avenues of the city, a very healthful location and only twenty minutes walk from "La bois de Boulogne," which the gay and fashionable world "do most frequent" in fine weather. Noble ladies so simply dressed that their titles, from an American standpoint, would never be guessed by their attire. Their silks and diamonds are reserved for dinner or evening costume—never for the street or for churches. In this respect they set us in America an example which it would be well to follow.

I rejoice that through your columns I can correspond with many dear friends in Oregon and Washington territory, where your paper so extensively circulates, and thus contrive a manifold debt to pay. For them, permit me to say through you, that all our mail may now be addressed to us, No. 9, avenue Trocadero, Paris; care of Madame Serafon. C. L. H.

A RICH GIRL'S CAPRICE.

How a New York Belle Left her Home and Became an Outcast.

The New York correspondent of the Baltimore *American* tells this story of a sad descent: Fifteen years ago the daughter of a rich and prosperous man, living in fine style on Fifth avenue, went out in a carriage, ostensibly on a shopping expedition. At Stewart's store she left the carriage, and her coachman waited for over two hours, until finally becoming anxious, he made inquiries. The young lady had disappeared, and though a great deal of money was spent and much effort made to discover her, there was no trace. Two years passed, and the detective who had worked on the case, very faithfully and anxiously, rose by degrees to the rank of police captain. One cold night, just after Christmas, four or five of the officers entered the station with eight or ten intoxicated women in their custody. One or two were crying over their arrest and the prospect of a prison; others were fierce in their wrath at the interference of the police with their orgies, while others, again, were sulky. Standing a little apart from the group of prisoners the captain noticed a tall woman of about thirty years of age, and he saw that once she had been beautiful, though now her face was disfigured by a bruise on the cheek and a black welt under one eye. There was, however an air of refinement about the woman that attracted the police captain, and he eyed her curiously while the sergeant recorded the names of the prisoners. Suddenly the woman beckoned to him: "Captain, do you know me?" was her question. "No." "Didn't you once try to find Miss Grace ——?" "Yes." "Well, I'm her. I ran away just out of pure deviltry and I've had my full share of it." "Good heavens! Why did you do it?" "Oh, I don't know. The notion came into my head and I obeyed the impulse." "And where have you been all this time?" "Right here in the ward, under your nose. You never suspected me, though I saw you often enough!" "And have you not repented of the step?" "Repented?" and the word thrilled in the captain's ear like the wail of a lost soul. "Repented! Oh, God, yes! But it was too late." "It's never too late." "Yes it is. But it's not too late to die." And before the captain could prevent she had drawn a small pistol and shot herself. The poor creature lived for two days, and when she died it was in the arms of her father. The mother had died a few years before of grief. These are all true stories and show how much stranger real life is than fiction.

Kola Nuts for Hard Drinkers.

An enterprising teetotaler, actively engaged in the propagation of his principles, has secured a consignment of Kola nuts, and is now organizing a method for disposing of them in the right quarters. For the Kola nut, it is said not only is food and drink to all who eat it, but also serves to render the very flavor of alcoholic beverages nauseous to those who once taste it. [illegible] the Good Templars [illegible] the [illegible] of drunkards [illegible] of a dose of Kola nut [illegible] others propose [illegible] be the duty of every good [illegible] Kola nut [illegible] a pill or two of the nut to any drunkard he may meet.

SAN FRANCISCO LETTER.

Jotting by Our Correspondent at the Bay City.

TALK ABOUT KING KALAKAUA.

The Reciprocity Treaty—San Francisco Pilot Laws—Gossip about Theatrical and Other Matters.

The total indifference which has been manifested by Americans at the approaching coronation of King Kalakaua plainly indicates the utter lack of importance which attaches to the occasion. Coronations are by no means of such frequent occurrence as to be lost sight of by those who are proverbially on the alert for high social gatherings, and among these our disciples of republicanism are the most enthusiastic. Every preparation for an extensive and gorgeous feast has been systematically going on for months past, and the advent of the day when the Kanaka ruler was to receive his magnificent crown was vigorously paraded and trumpeted about the four corners of the globe. Invitations for the ceremonies and attending festivities were lavishly bestowed, and every precaution was taken to ensure an assemblage of spectators that might do honor even to a more potent monarch than the subject of this sketch. The event was long since foreshadowed by the royal master himself in his travels throughout Europe. Almost every vessel that has left this port for the past six months bound for the Sandwich Islands has been heavily laden with the most fastidious decorations for the adornment of this most illustrious ruler's palace, and everything that the most exacting *gourmet* could desire has been purchased for the royal banquet. It is somewhat surprising, under these circumstances, that the occasion of royalty being crowned, so near our doors, should be allowed to pass without at least some degree of interest on the part of enthusiastic society people. When the subject was first broached, it was confidently expected that a great stir would be occasioned in society circles, and that a perfect exodus of charming young ladies with matronly escorts would lend their presence to the affair. It must have been painfully evident of late, however, to his majesty, that his coronation was a mere matter of form in which the outside world took little interest, and that beyond the international courtesy which would make the presence of diplomats, consuls, and possibly a few ministers, reasonably certain, the coronation, in point of number of attending foreigners, would be a most dismal failure. A cursory view

OF THE PASSENGER LISTS

Of the recent out-going steamers have fully established this conclusion. The rumor of anticipated trouble on the islands, coupled with the well-known dislike of the natives for the ostentation displayed by the king, may possibly have deterred a few intending visitors from carrying out their original plans, but only a few. It is morally certain that even Claus Spreckels, dubbed Sir Claus by his copper colored majesty, will be conspicuously absent from the coronation of his friend and benefactor. It is pleasing to note in this connection, that in an interview which Sir Claus recently accorded an eastern newspaper, this eminent saccharine exporter, alluded to his majesty in terms more forcible than complimentary, at the same time speaking of the latter's weakness of mind. It had been currently reported that Sir Claus and the king were on the very warmest terms of friendship, and that the immense interests of the former were fully protected by the gracious concessions and privileges of the latter. A gentleman who has recently returned from a protracted visit to the islands, where he went for the benefit of his health, and who from his means of observation, is in position to speak advisedly on the subject, told your correspondent, that the tenor of the interview, and especially the slurs cast upon the king, were undoubtedly the result of a pre-conceived plan. It had frequently been stated in the local press, that Kalakaua was considerably under the influence of the sugar monopoly, which virtually ruled the islands, and of course these statements attracted considerable attention in diplomatic circles in Washington. The notorious aversion of the monopoly and of the king himself to the abrogation

OF THE RECIPROCITY TREATY,

Must needs be disguised. Profiting by the excellent opportunity which the recent interview afforded, Sir Claus spoke his little piece with the precision of a master. This magnificent unconcern in the probable steps which will be taken by the authorities on the national capital, is doubtless well advised, and based upon a thorough understanding of the result of the issue. Speaking in relation to the statement that high-grade sugar is not imported from the Hawaiian kingdom, the gentleman interviewed stated that Sir Claus evidently counted upon the credulity of the reading public, and that he probably reasoned that a bold assertion denying specific charges of government frauds, would be sufficient to carry conviction, when coming from one so prominently connected with the sugar interests as himself. What effect Sir Claus' criticism of his majesty's character, would have upon the latter, remains to be seen. A seeming frigidity between the lord and vassal, would be intensely dramatical.

THE PILOT LAWS.

THE OREGONIAN has recently noted the existence of a formidable public sentiment in this community against the present pilot laws and the exactions which are collected under their protecting sanction. That the complaints are well founded is borne out by the stern logic of facts. A prominent shipper, in canvassing the present discouraging situation, said that the concentration of power in everything that pertained to local shipping matters was such as to give rise to a most pretentious monopoly. It aspired to rule prices of everything that ships would most likely need, whether entering or departing from this port, and its aspirations in this directions were about realized. The matter of unloading vessels by the aid of donkey engines, was in the hands of a single firm, and so grasping and extensive had the evil become that it was actually impossible to discharge a ship without having recourse to the monopoly. The water supply was another fruitful source of revenue which a single firm enjoyed, so that vessels lying in the stream already cleared were obliged to await the good pleasure of the monopoly until such time as it might be pleased to send its dearly bought water to fill the tanks of the severely taxed ship. These features are by no means calculated to impress foreign ship owners of the advantages of our port, and a reasonable explanation of our steady falling off from a movement of the merchant marine, is found in the oppressive charges which are imposed on ships generally. Then again, until very recently a most unjust system of legal and official red tapeism, caused much vexatious delay in the departure of vessels, so that the port charges as a rule sadly interfered with the legitimate profits of the cruise. Freights were low, and consignments even at such figures few, so that any delay over the requisite time for loading was at least unprofitable. The over zealous customs officers, in their enthusiasm of the passage of the Chinese bill, managed to keep their names in public print, by the red tapeism which characterized the discharge of their duties, while perhaps at that very time the notorious opium frauds were being successfully carried on at much closer quarters. San Francisco in the minds of foreign shippers

ENJOYS THE UNSAVORY REPUTATION

Of being a very undesirable port for their ships, and if the words of various English captains is to be respected, trips to this port are taken with much reluctance.

Your correspondent recently had occasion to interview a number of gentlemen who have spent some time in the great northwest, and during the course of the interview, the conversation turned upon some of the features of the show business in Oregon and Washington territory, as conducted under the auspices of barn storming expeditions. One of the gentlemen has recently met a young man prominently connected in this city, who unfortunately for himself and his family, had taken quite an attachment for the bottle. His wanderings brought him to Astoria, where he engaged as

A PROFESSOR OF MUSIC

And according to report, he succeeded in doing quite well until he again fell a victim to his predominant passion. While in a state of hilarious excitement occasioned by an over indulgence in Oregon grape juice, he was approached by [illegible], manager of [illegible] and induced to accompany the troupe to [illegible], Seattle, New Tacoma and finally to Victoria. The company included several young men who

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[illegible] man, of good habits and respectability, seems to have been totally indifferent in regard to his marriage vows. For some time past he has been living in Michigan, and has made considerable [illegible] he left [illegible] in 1882.

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Spruce, Cedar and Maple always on hand.

[illegible] BRENNAN & CO. [illegible]

MACHINIST. [illegible] Engines and Mill Machinery. [illegible] Madison Street, bet. Third and [illegible]

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